The Outlook

DECEMBER 2, 1914

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THE STORY OF THE WAR

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THE OUTLOOK'S WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

DURING the week, November 18 to 25, there was no notable change reported from the battle line of the western campaign; the Germans seemed to be concentrating their efforts against Russia, and the Allies developed no strong aggressive move.

It takes a week or ten days to verify the news from the eastern campaign, so the significance of the events in Poland this week is still obscure.

The Russians by now undoubtedly have a great numerical preponderance; but with so long a front—from the Baltic Sea to the Carpathians—there is no possibility of manning all of it. As an offset to this advantage in number, the Germans have great superiority in mobility. Their intricate system of strategic railways allows them to move their troops much more rapidly. Wherever the Russian line is weak—and it cannot be equally strong for so great a distance—the Germans can concentrate their smaller army and break through.

After their defeat before Warsaw they chose Thorn, the point where the Vistula crosses from Poland into Prussia, as the base for their next offensive. It is an important railway junction, and troops could be gathered there from all sides. The mass of the Russian army was farther south, and there was a wide gap between this main force and the right wing, which was operating in East Prussia. There was a good chance to catch the Russian General Staff off their guard, as they were probably intent on driving home their Warsaw victory.

Once the new move became manifest, it was a race between the German army—its force has been estimated as high as 400,000—and the Russian troops who were being rushed up to stop it. As the Czar's forces were very much more numerous, it was evident that sooner or later the two forces must equalize each other. The farther the Germans advanced, the more strength they would lose; the farther the Russians retreated, the more reinforcements they would pick up. The serious question was whether or not the Germans could push their drive far enough to get in the rear of General Rennenkampf in East Prussia or to break the communications of the main Russian army to the south. Once under way, it became evident that their object was the latter. If they could have forced their way through to Warsaw, the Russians in southwestern Poland would have been cut off from their base. The despatches of the 24th indicated that the German advance had been halted before it caused serious trouble. The Russians, of course, made much larger claims. Petrograd reported a great victory. But the number of prisoners they took is a small matter if they have effectively stopped this German drive.

Here in Poland the campaign, although it has a greater sweep, is not unlike that in France. The battle line swings back and forth But the whole intent of the amazingly efficient organization of the Germans is to allow them to bring to bear their greatest force at once. Their first advance into Poland took them within sight of Warsaw, as their first rush into France took them to the walls of Paris. Their second drive was halted forty miles farther back. In every one of their marvelously planned aggressive movements they have used up some of their strength. There is less chance of their reaching Paris now than there was in August, and less chance of their wintering in Warsaw than a month ago.

The distances are greater in the eastern campaign than in the western, the shifts in

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position are more extensive, but the swings back and forth tend, like a pendulum, to subside into an equilibrium. And once this deadlock is reached, the war is reduced to a question of numerical strength and economic staying power.

A TEST OF THE ALLIES' STRENGTH IN FRANCE

The next week will hold a large interest in that it will give us a chance to judge the striking power of the French and English. Since they forced the Germans back to the Aisne, all we could say was that the Allies were strong enough to hold their own. Have they the surplus force for a strong aggressive?

Germany, whether she wins or loses in Poland, will be using all the strength she can spare in the eastern campaign. She is not likely to be weaker on her western front for many months than she is now. Even if she is badly defeated in Russia, she may be able to "dig in" on defensive lines near her own frontier, and, holding the Russians with fewer men than she is now using there, spare reinforcements for Flanders or Lorraine. Germany's hope is to defeat her enemies one at a time. The object of her strategy must be to concentrate her force first on one frontier and then on the other. And it follows that the strategy of the Allies must be to present simultaneous pressure on the two frontiers. There has been no time since the beginning of the war when the pressure from Russia has been so strong as since mid-November. Now, if the Allies have the force, is the time to strike.

As long as General Joffre and Sir John French felt that the Germans were concentrating against them, it was quite enough to hold them. To have attacked in the face of an aggressive which had not yet developed its maximum strength would have presented unnecessary risks. It was better to let the enemy's offensive wear itself out. But now, with the eastern campaign in so critical a phase, the western Allies will be expected to do all in their power to relieve the pressure on Russia. If they can muster the necessary strength, they will attack. If they do not attempt an advance now, when so much of the German attention is occupied in the east, it will mean that it has needed, and to a certain extent exhausted, all their strength to hold the Germans in Flanders. It will show that they have no energy to spare and that they must wait till spring before they can hope to drive the Germans out of France and Belgium. It will mean that they are content to "dig in" and hold their present lines.

"DIGGING IN"

One of the things which has been "experimentally demonstrated" in the last few months is that the value of permanent fortifications has been overestimated. And as the prestige of steel turrets has decreased, that of improvised field trenches has grown amazingly. The phrase "digging in" has been frequent in the war despatches.

Most books on the subject base their conclusions on the lessons taught by the Russo-Japanese War. It was in the Manchurian campaign that the possibility of intrenching under fire was developed. And every general staff has studied the reports brought back from that campaign.

In average conditions one man in a four-hour shift can move eighty cubic feet of earth; he can dig a hole four feet square and five feet deep, or a ten-foot trench two feet wide and four feet deep. In one hour a man can dig a pit a trifle more than three feet square and two feet deep. If he banks the twenty cubic feet of dirt he has moved in front of his hole, that makes good cover from direct fire.

The "Manual for Field Defenses" published in 1908 by the British War Office sums up the present theory: "When two forces armed with modern weapons are opposing each other in the field, the object of intrenchments . . . is to give cover from the enemy's fire, rather than to offer an obstacle to his assault. . . . The defense of modern intrenchments depends on fire; if troops can get through the fire of the defense, they are not likely to be stopped at close quarters by so slight an obstacle as an earthwork."

The first object of "digging in" is to obtain shelter from direct fire—that is, from the projectiles of rifles, machine guns, and flat trajectory shrapnel as fired from field guns.

In the illustrated section of The Outlook there is a photograph of some troops who have just begun to "dig in." The holes they have dug—probably fifteen minutes' work—do not look very secure, but they furnish considerable cover from direct fire. They are, however, no shelter from howitzers,

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which throw high-curve shrapnel, the fragments of which hit the ground from overhead at a 45-degree or even steeper angle.

But such hasty shelter as is shown in this picture very rapidly grows into more substantial cover. The German Instructions for Field Defenses (1906) estimate that in easy soil it requires two hours to construct trenches in which the troops can stand up to fire, in another hour they can be greatly strengthened, and in four hours "overhead shelter" can be erected. But "overhead protection" is rarely attempted under fire during the day.

With infinite variety, according to the nature and shape of the ground, trenches have been dug all along the battle line in France. The opposing forces are continually trying to advance their lines. The tactics, differing according to circumstances, follow this general type. A half-mile or so of open field lies between the trenches. The Germans decide to push forward. A regiment jumps out of its trenches and charges. All the Allies' artillery and infantry within range concentrate their fire on them. They keep up their dash, supported by their own guns, until perhaps half of them have fallen, then the order comes to dig. They fall flat on their faces, unbuckle their shovels, and dig for dear life. The instant they have stopped their advance, another regiment is shot forward to their right or left. The Allies must now concentrate their fire on this new charge, and so what is left of the first regiment is somewhat relieved from the hail of bullets, and every minute their shelter grows. If they are able to keep digging for half an hour, they are fairly safe from direct fire.

Meanwhile their engineers have prepared every detail in the rear, and as soon as night falls a new relay of men arrives at these advance pits. Some with shovels and picks deepen and connect up the trenches. Others with posts and reels of barbed wire begin the inevitable entanglement in front of the line. Others, with wood already cut the proper lengths, roof over the trenches and cover them with enough dirt to stop shrapnel and shell fragments. One group has a supply of coarse sacks heavily dusted with cement. Wet and filled with dirt, these sacks stiffen, and so will stay where they are put. The same detachment has a supply of heavy steel forms for loopholes, which are fitted in between the bags of dirt.

There is also a brigade of "landscape gardeners." They sod over the roofs of the trenches so that the fresh dirt will not show. They arrange bushes and even transplant trees to screen the lines—for invisibility is the best shelter of all.

By sun-up—if the work has not been seriously interrupted—the Allies will find the Germans safely installed a quarter of a mile nearer than at nightfall. It will take the sharpest eyes to locate the new trenches. The "landscape gardeners" will have done their work so well that even aeroplanes will find it hard to get exact ranges.

Spraying the field with shrapnel and rifle bullets is not worth the expense. The chance of a bullet going through an invisible loophole and finding a man behind it is small indeed. The only way to disturb the defenders is to drop a "high explosive shell" plump in the trench. To miss by two feet is to waste a thousand dollars or more. Of course the projectiles which scrambled the steel turrets of Liège and Antwerp would pierce such hasty shelter with absurd ease; but if they drop in the open field, they make a great noise and perhaps spatter the defenders with mud. To be effective they must score a fair hit, and to make this anything but pure chance the exact location of the trench must be known. So subtle have the "landscape gardeners" become that an artilleryman is reluctant to aim at anything which looks like a trench; it is pretty sure to be a fake—a bait to make him waste his precious ammunition.

To guard against chance shots and the possibility of the enemy getting an accurate range, the field engineer always lays out his trenches in a zigzag, and every twenty feet or so he makes a saw-tooth "traverse." This localizes the damage caused by an explosion in the trenches. A "hit" scored by the enemy may kill the ten men in the twenty feet between "traverses," but no more; and ten men for one "high explosive shell" is too uneconomical a method of killing to worry about.

Once the engineers have had an uninterrupted night's work on the trenches, further development is easy. The men are kept digging when they are not fighting. If the commandant expects to stop in the locality for some time, he will strengthen his position by double, triple, or quadruple trenches. The diagram on the next page illustrates the kind of defenses which a week's work would create. If the position is on sloping ground,

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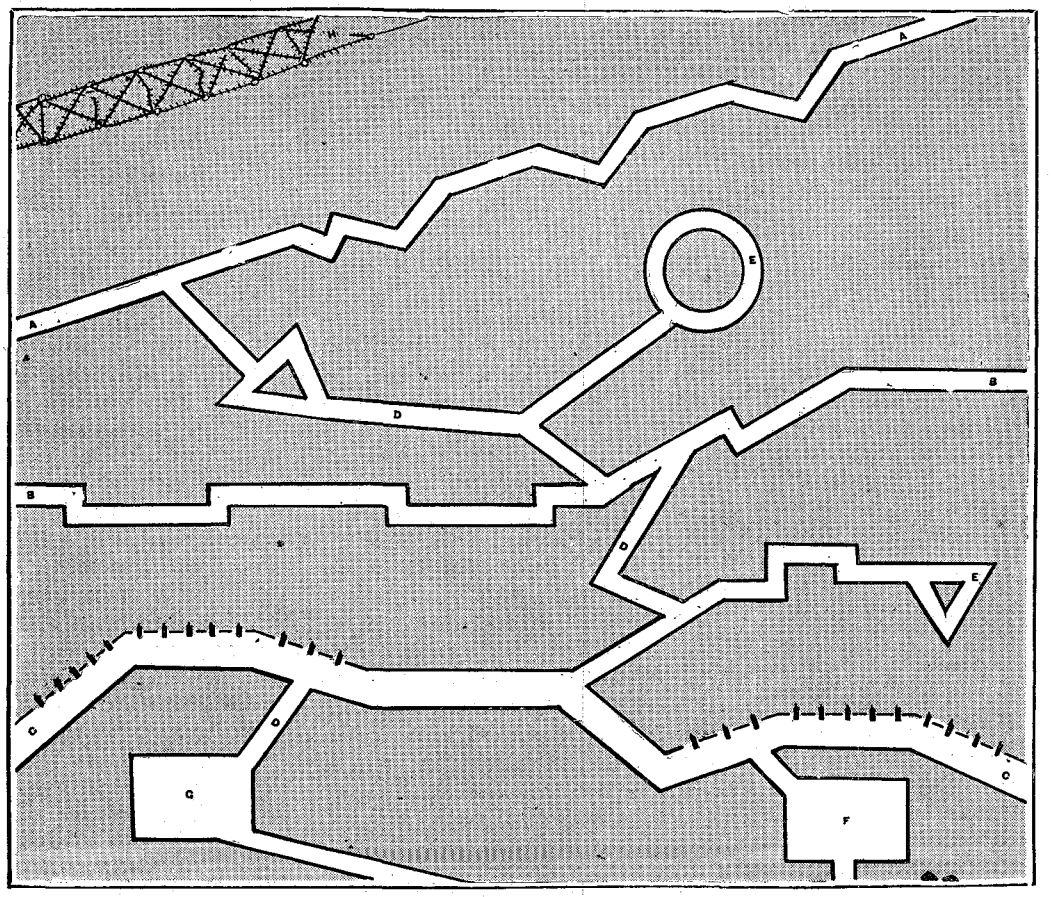

AN INTRENCHED POSITION

A, Advance trench. **B,** Middle trench. **C,** Main line, with machine guns. **D,** Connecting trenches. **E,** Observation points for non-commissioned officers. **F,** Officers' mess-room. **G,** Advanced hospital. **H,** Barbed-wire entanglement. Entanglements would also be erected between trenches A and B, and B and C.

so that the rear trenches can fire over the forward ones, it is almost impregnable from a frontal attack. The rear line will be the most commodious. Here the machine guns are placed to sweep all the foreground. Large rooms roofed over with railway iron and four or five feet of dirt will be arranged for the advanced hospital, for the first reserves, and for the officers' mess. Zigzag trenches will lead back over the crest of the hill to the "base," the main reserves, the ammunition depot, the field kitchens, the aviation squad, and so forth. At suitable places in the rear the artillery will be emplaced. And probably a branch railway will be laid back to the nearest trunk-line.

In the front trenches the men will be kept on post in four-hour shifts. Telephones will be installed. From the observation points a sharp watch will be kept on the enemy, and in the lulls between attacks the men play cards despite the noise overhead and the knowledge that underfoot are heavy mines ready to be exploded by wire from headquarters in case the enemy gets into the trenches.

Barbed-wire entanglements still further strengthen the defense. They are a relatively new feature in war, and for the attacking party a perplexing problem. Although they are sometimes heavily charged with electricity, they are not a serious obstacle in themselves. They must be backed up by "fire." However, if they are properly placed, they will momentarily check a charge at the point where the maximum fire can be concentrated. And a momentary check in the right place is quite enough for modern magazine rifles and machine guns.

"Wire entanglement," according to the British War Office, "is the best of all obsta-

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FIGURE 1

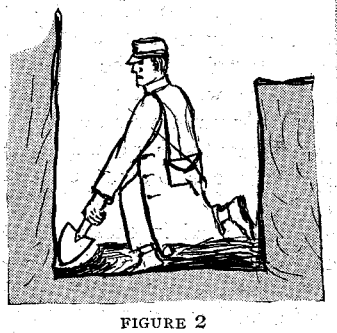

FIGURE 2

FIGURE 3

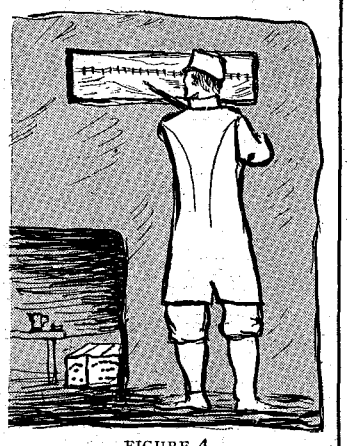

FIGURE 4

These sketches indicate the speed with which trenches grow. Figure 1 represents less than half an hour's work. Figure 2, an hour. Figure 3, between two and three hours. Figure 4, the inside of a trench after a night's work has roofed it in.

cles, because it is easily and quickly made, difficult to destroy, and offers no obstruction to view." It might be added that it is difficult to see from a distance, especially at night, and that it offers no shelter to the attacking party.

A well-intrenched position, with proper entanglements, cannot be successfully assaulted without appalling loss of life.

The history of warfare is the story of the long struggle between "offense" and "defense." Some one invents an armor plate which will resist the heaviest cannon in existence; on the morrow somebody else invents a new shell which will penetrate the heaviest armor plate known. In regard to permanent fortifications, the offense—represented by the 16-inch Krupp guns—has the advantage. In field intrenchments the honors are all to the defense. No one has yet discovered a means of getting through wire entanglements without a disastrous slowing up. No one has invented a movable shelter against the blast of bullets which can be poured out from trenches.

Therefore it becomes all-important to prevent the enemy from "digging in." And this explains the meaning of another much-used war phrase—"counter-attacks." If the Allies attempt to push forward their lines by the maneuvers described above, the Germans know that they must stop them before they have had time to "dig in." A counter-attack is the only way. Before they have had time to take root they must be driven back by an infantry attack.

And so, day after day, night after night, there are charges and counter-charges all along the front from Flanders to the Alps. And every gain has to be made good by digging.

Officers always have trouble with new recruits to make them carry spades and shovels. The marching kit of the European armies weighs from thirty to fifty pounds. The inexperienced soldier finds it too heavy, and the first thing he drops is his digging tool. But after a few days under fire he learns its value. The weight is distributed among the men; one in each squad carries a spade, another a pick, a third an ax or saw, and so forth. They seem a useless incumbrance on parade, in barracks, and on the march. But when soldiers have been a few days at the front the first thing they steal when they enter a farm-house is the shovel.

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The experienced soldier will part with his knapsack, his rations, his "first aid kit," even his water tin, before he will give up his spade. It ranks next after his rifle.

SYMPTOMS OF RETURNING SANITY

The most depressing thing in the early days of the war were the statements from every side that in all the belligerent countries there was absolute unanimity in favor of fighting. We were given the word of honor of Kings and Prime Ministers that their peoples had risen as one man in an almost joyful enthusiasm of rage. We were assured that all differences of opinion had vanished in the face of this crisis; that the nations of Europe had forgotten all the old problems of art and science and politics; that they had all with one accord thrown down the old accustomed tools of progress to snatch up arms. It was hardly credible. It was profoundly sad.

Now, in spite of the best efforts of the various censors, the comforting news is beginning to leak through that this shameful unanimity of hate—if it ever did exist—exists no longer. We get reports these days from every country of Europe that some—as yet a pitiful minority—are protesting against the appalling inefficiency of the "rulers" who bungled the world into this war. No one believes that the mass of the people across the Atlantic wanted the war—they were misgoverned into it.

It is cheering to read that here and there citizens of the warring nations are beginning to realize this, and that, as loudly as may be, they are accusing their government of criminal stupidity.

Bernard Shaw's diatribe against Sir Edward Grey is a case in point. It matters very little whether or not you agree with his argument or accept his statement of fact—much of it seems fantastic to me and incomprehensibly flippant in the face of an overpowering sorrow. But the fact that he could find a publisher for his essay in England shows that people there are beginning once more to think. It renews faith in mankind. The English are getting over the first fright and fury of the war. Some of them are beginning to ask: "Why in this twentieth century should a peace-loving folk be plunged into war? What have we been paying our rulers for? Something must have been very wrong with a government which could imagine and execute no means to avoid such a national calamity."

I have already reported in these pages similar mutterings from Germany. The most recent message of cheer comes from Russia. It was depressing beyond words to hear that the Russian Liberals had given up their struggle against the blood-soaked despotism of the Czar in order to fight the Germans. So it is comforting now to read that, after all, the report was not true. Some of the revolutionists, in spite of the mob psychology of the war, dared to continue their opposition to autocracy. The Czar has had to arrest several members of the Duma.

Evidently the relapse into barbarism has not been complete.

New York, November 25, 1914.

THE WEEK

THE TENNESSEE INCIDENT

The American Government has at present in the Mediterranean the armored cruisers North Carolina and Tennessee. Recently the latter vessel arrived off the harbor of Smyrna. Some fifty Americans live in the city of Smyrna. A launch was sent from the vessel into the harbor to confer with the authorities in order to obtain an authorization for the cruiser to enter. But the forts fired on the launch, and it was obliged to return to the Tennessee. Thereupon Captain Decker, the ship's commander, notified the Vali, or Governor, of Smyrna that orders had been received from the American Government detailing the ship to Smyrna, and reported the incident to Washington. As announced, the Navy Department instructed Captain Decker to take no action which might embarrass the American Government without specific instructions from it.

The incident is by no means to be interpreted as the Turkish Government's act. It may have been a sudden, anti-foreign, possibly anti-Christian deed on the part of the soldiers in the Smyrna forts. According to current reports, the Vali tried to make some amends as soon as he could. Later came the Turkish Government's own statement,

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explaining that explosive shells were fired "toward" the Tennessee's launch to warn her away from a mine-field in the harbor, which, according to a notice sent to our Embassy at Constantinople some time since, had been officially closed both to war-ships and to merchant vessels. This statement was followed by one from the Minister of War, who requested that the Tennessee be withdrawn. The explanation should be taken at its face value. No matter how transparent we may deem it, we should regard it as an evidence of the Turkish Government's desire to disavow any wish to offend our Government.

In this connection Captain Decker is reported to have said that the act was unfriendly rather than hostile. This may be a justifiable distinction. We should, however, demand assurances that no more unfriendly, and certainly that no hostile, demonstrations shall be made anywhere in Turkish territory, imperiling the safety of our officials, whether naval or consular, and our citizens generally.

HOW TO PROTECT AMERICANS ABROAD

The chief interest and significance of the incident, however, proceeds, not from Smyrna, but from Washington and in the Secretary of the Navy's reported order to Captain Decker to take no action which might embarrass the American Government without specific instructions from it.

Doubtless the Secretary of the Navy preferred to take this risk rather than to permit naval commanders such latitude as might result in involving that country and the United States in war. His action, however, as reported, in withdrawing from our commanders abroad their discretion to act, especially in case of menace to any of our citizens, is most unusual.

Such an order seems to us a fatal blunder. We are glad that it appeared so to the Secretary of the Navy himself and that he has radically modified it. Certainly it would have been an ineffaceable disgrace to the American Nation if the Americans in Smyrna had been massacred with an American war-ship in the harbor and nothing done for their protection!

The history of military and naval warfare abounds with illustrations of the truth that the only way to use either an army or a navy is to select subordinates who can be trusted, and then trust them. This is always true; but it is pre-eminently so in such circumstances as the present, when it may take several days to get a message from a war-ship in Turkish waters to Washington and the reply from Washington back to the ship.

A NEW TYPE OF SUBMARINE

The importance of the submarine in modern naval warfare is one of the most salient lessons already brought home by the great war. Before it adjourned recently Congress authorized the construction of at least eight new submarines, including a "fleet submarine" of not less than twenty knots speed. Plans recently announced by the Navy Department for this particular sea monster show that it will be the biggest and fastest underwater craft in existence—in fact, that its completion may well mark an epoch in marine construction.

The striking features of this new leviathan are that it will be twice as large as any submarine now afloat; that it will carry its own wireless outfit, and enough torpedoes to sink a fleet of dreadnoughts; and that it will have a cruising radius of 3,500 miles, and a speed of twenty knots or more, which will enable it to go anywhere that a battle-ship fleet goes. Hence the name "fleet submarine." Like some other new submarines, it will have rapid-fire guns for defensive purposes.

The best submarines which we now have in our navy can make about fourteen knots speed on the surface at a pinch, but they cannot keep this up for much more than an hour, and their best cruising speed is about eleven knots. Consequently, even if they were large enough to stand the buffeting of ocean travel, they could not keep up with a battle-ship fleet crossing the ocean. The new submarine, however, will he able to cover as much ground as a heavy battle-ship and at the same speed. When submerged, it will travel at about a fifteen-knot clip, or about twice as fast as our present submarines move under water. The vessel will be built high in the bow like a torpedo-boat to prevent her being swept by her own bow wave when traveling through heavy seas at top speed. She will burn heavy fuel oil instead of gasoline, which is the usual fuel for submarines.

For the construction of the eight new submarines Congress has appropriated $4,460,000, and of this sum the single fleet submarine will exhaust $1,250,000, leaving

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$3,210,000, or about $450,000 each, for the smaller vessels. Other statistics further emphasize the comparative great size of the new steel whale. She will displace about 1,200 tons, approximately twice as much as the largest coast defense submarines, and said to be more than four times as much as the celebrated German submarine U9, which has already sunk four British cruisers; and she will be about 300 feet long, or as long as a moderately small steamship.

The importance of this new craft, however, lies not in her unprecedented dimensions, but in the fact that she will represent a type of vessel new to naval warfare, *i.e.*, an offensive or cruising submarine, as distinguished from the familiar type of coast defense submarine. This new sea prowler will be capable of leaving New York or San Francisco for a direct attack on a hostile battle-ship in mid-ocean; she will even be capable of sailing from home to grapple with the enemy off his own shores thousands of miles away.

Since the days of the "Intelligent Whale," designed by C. S. Bushnell and Augustus Rice, and built in 1864, which was hand-propelled at a speed of four knots an hour, and which was condemned in 1872 after nine crews had found their grave in her, submarine construction has developed by leaps and bounds to this modern under-water battle-ship. According to newspaper reports, France and England are already considering the construction of similar submarines. What the effect of the use of such vessels would be on naval warfare it is hard to forecast, but certainly if this new submarine of ours comes up to expectations its influence upon methods of sea-fighting will be considerable.

OTHER IMPROVEMENTS FOR OUR NAVY

Other news indicating that our navy is being kept abreast of the times is contained in the information that the largest and most powerful naval gun ever built has just been made for our navy, that Thomas A. Edison has designed a storage battery for use in submarines which practically eliminates the danger of suffocation by gas, and that the new dreadnought California will be driven by electric motors, being the first electrically driven battle-ship ever built.

The new giant naval gun is a 16-inch rifle which is being tested by naval experts under a shroud of secrecy. Newspaper reports have it that the preliminary tests of the rifle have been very satisfactory, and that if it passes more advanced tests it may be adopted as the type of gun to be used in the main battery of the three new dreadnoughts authorized by Congress. As these vessels are to be larger than any battle-ships now afloat, it is believed that they can carry such heavy weapons conveniently.

Several of the newest battle-ships in the British navy carry 15-inch rifles, but a 16-inch weapon is a new departure for war-ships. The largest guns now used in our navy are 14-inch rifles.

Heretofore the danger of suffocation by gases generated in storage batteries has been one of the chief dangers for those who go into the sea in submarines. This danger appears to be almost entirely removed by the use of the new batteries designed by Mr. Edison, which are being subjected to a number of tests by the naval authorities. Thus far the tests are reported to have been successful, the principal objection to the new batteries being that they are much more expensive than the old type of storage battery.

So successful has been the installation of electric power to drive the naval collier Jupiter that the Navy Department has authorized this kind of motive power for the new dreadnought California, one of the three battle-ships recently provided for by Congress. The Jupiter, which was the first deep-sea vessel of any kind to use electric motive power, easily met her speed qualifications, and it is believed that the California, which will be the first war-ship to use electric motor power, will have no difficulty in making her required speed of at least twenty-one knots an hour. Already some naval authorities are predicting the elimination of direct steam drive in our navy.

It should be remembered, however, that there are other factors in the production of an efficient navy than the possession of individual machines and specimens of the most modern equipment. A navy can be "up to date" in this respect without being in a position to give the greatest return for the money spent on its upkeep. Not only must the apparatus provided for our sailors be of the best, but they must be accorded consistent and intelligent support by the country at large. Congress has not infrequently handicapped the navy by failure to provide a sufficient personnel to man the ships, and by insisting upon a different distribution of the moneys it stood ready to grant than had been deemed advisable by the navy's technical

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experts. It is the function of Congress to decide how much the country will spend upon its navy; but appropriations made in such a way that they limit, if not defeat, the purpose for which they were made are bad finance and bad statesmanship. When the country is properly educated to its own needs, such appropriations will be bad politics too.

THE NEW WARDEN OF SING SING

The appointment of Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne to be warden of Sing Sing Prison in New York will give great impetus throughout the country to the movement for making prisons homes of justice. It is reported that this appointment by Governor Glynn has been made with the understanding that it will be confirmed and continued by Governor Glynn's successor, Mr. Whitman.

The significance of Mr. Osborne's appointment does not lie merely in the fact that he has made a study of prison administration and knows something about the human side of prison life. There have been other administrators of prisons in this country who have been expert in the theory of penology and practically acquainted with humane and reasonable methods of prison administration. The name of Mr. Z. R. Brockway, in New York, is one that is well known in the list of those of this type. As a rule, however, such men have not been widely known outside the circle of those specially interested in prison reform, and the fact that there have been such men has only indirectly affected public opinion. Little by little the old idea that a prison is a place where society wreaks vengeance upon somebody who had injured it has been yielding to the idea of a prison as a place where men are to be kept until they are cured of the ills which have made them of peril to society. And yet to-day prisons are still largely places either merely of detention or of vengeance. And it is hard to make them otherwise if they have been built with vengeance and hardship rather than education and cure in view. For that reason Sing Sing Prison in New York is an anachronism. It is a source of danger, too, because men are bound to learn and grow wherever they are, and if they do not learn right and grow right they are bound to learn wrong and grow wrong, and when they leave they will go out a greater danger to society than they were when they went in.

Mr. Osborne knows this. He has investigated prison conditions. He himself has written of his experience as an inmate in a prison where he went to find out some things about prisons for himself. He has instituted or been most actively instrumental in instituting a great change in the Auburn Prison, situated where he lives. But, more than this, he brings to prison management not only a considerable expert knowledge, but also the mental resources of a man whose interests have been wide, whose activities have been varied, and whose success has been pronounced.

MR. OSBORNE'S QUALIFICATIONS

Mr. Osborne is a business administrator, as has been proved by his marked success as a manufacturer. He is an executive in public affairs, as has been proved by his term of office as Mayor of Auburn and as a Public Service Commissioner. He is an amateur musician of no mean skill. One of his most highly enjoyed pastimes has been to give recitals of music that is of classical worth but of popular interest for the sake of young people with whom he would like to share the intelligent enjoyment of good music. He is one of Harvard College's distinguished graduates, and is a close friend of President Eliot. He has been a power in that small but resolute and persistent group of Democrats who have withstood machine rule within their party in the State.

Not many days ago the executive head of the Prison Association, Mr. O. F. Lewis, wrote a letter to the New York papers in which he set forth the needed qualifications of a warden of Sing Sing. He pointed out that such a man ought to be a business administrator, an executive, a sanitarian, a disciplinarian, an expert in penology, and a good many other things, each one of which might well employ any ordinary man's full powers. That Mr. Osborne is an expert on all these various lines it would be out of the question to assert, but he is an expert in many lines, and, because of his breadth of interest, more than an expert on any line, and he has that ability that successful administrators usually have of consulting experts and following their advice when he needs to do so.

The acceptance of this post by such a man will not only serve to better conditions in Sing Sing Prison, which have been allowed to become scandalous by reason of political influence and intrigue, but will call the

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attention of the whole country to the fact that the warden of a prison ought to be a man of the widest culture, of the highest integrity, of the keenest mind, and of the sanest judgment, and that there is no man in the country who might not well be proud of undertaking to render public service as warden of a prison.

HARVARD-YALE FOOTBALL

The climax of the Eastern football season came on the 21st of November in the record-breaking game between Harvard and Yale at New Haven. In more ways than one was this a notable event, for both the score and attendance were without precedents. The former, 36–0, represents the culmination of Mr. Haughton's efforts in building up a football organization at Harvard on sound principles and thorough groundwork. The latter represents the successful determination of the loyal endeavors of Yale graduates and undergraduates to secure for their university the greatest athletic field in the country. The "Bowl," for that is the somewhat undignified name that has been bestowed upon the new athletic structure, compares favorably in capacity and dignity with the Flavian amphitheater at Rome. Within its great rim there is a seating capacity for nearly seventy thousand people. It is needless to add that the Harvard-Yale game filled this immense artificial crater to the limit. Perhaps the word "crater" is as descriptive a term as can be found, for the impression of solidity and permanence which this structure creates is one that might be aroused by a work of nature rather than of man. The great stadia at Harvard and Princeton stand plainly outlined as architectural structures. This new Yale "Bowl" is half sunken into the earth and half supported upon the great banks piled up from the necessary excavation. A picture which gives some conception of its size and appearance is to be found in the illustrated section of this issue. As to the score of the Yale-Harvard game, it may be said that within Yale's new amphitheater the bulldog was butchered to make a Harvard holiday in true Roman fashion. Save one score made in the early eighties against Harvard, the defeat which Yale sustained is the greatest that has come to either institution in the long series of football games between them. As noteworthy, however, as the overwhelming record upon the score board at the end of the game was the record of sportsmanlike good will recorded in the minds of the vast assemblage that watched Yale go down to a decisive but not disgraceful defeat. Good plays received the applause from both sides of the arena, and players taken from the game because of temporary injury were heartily applauded by their opponents.

The result of this game is ample testimony for the efficiency that comes from one-man control of a college's football policy—particularly if that man happens to be a Mr. Haughton. Yale, with Mr. Hinkey, seems now again on the verge of building up a definite and permanent organization. Princeton, which suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of Harvard and a decisive defeat at the hands of Yale, seems still further astray from the road to organized victory than her rival at New Haven.

OTHER FOOTBALL RECORDS

While Harvard is generally acclaimed as the championship team of the East, it is a pity that there has been no direct test of supremacy among Harvard, Dartmouth, and Cornell, and that the final rating of these teams must be determined by comparative scores—always an unsatisfactory criterion. Were it not for the blot which Princeton left on the Hanoverian schedule, Dartmouth would be fairly entitled to close ranking with Harvard. The New Hampshire team decisively defeated Pennsylvania, Syracuse, and Williams—which tied Princeton—and, moreover, piled up a larger total of points than any of the principal teams in the East, if not, indeed, in the country, with a total of 357 points against their opponents' 25. Cornell's record was spoiled by defeats at the hands of little Colgate and little Pittsburgh early in the season, and, as this is written, Cornell has yet to vanquish Pennsylvania in the annual duel between these rivals, but the big red team has triumphed over Brown, Carlisle, and Michigan, and is undoubtedly the best football machine that has come from Ithaca in years. The question of supremacy between the Army and Navy is likewise still undecided as we go to press.

Illinois is th winner of the Western Conference championships, having come unbeaten through the season. By defeating Chicago on the same day that Harvard beat Yale, Minnesota earned second place in the ranks of the "Big Nine." Wisconsin and Chicago were both strong, though both fell before Illinois and Minnesota, and another

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Western team which played good football was Nebraska—not a member of the Conference.

Since football was revised and the "open game" encouraged the smaller colleges have had more success against their larger rivals than was possible for them under the old game when steam-roller tactics prevailed. This season the success of small college teams has been unusually noticeable.

As already related, both Pittsburgh and Colgate defeated Cornell. Pittsburgh won further glory by beating Annapolis and the Carlisle Indians. Lehigh has been beaten only by Yale, while on her slate are scores of 21 to 6 against Carlisle and 20 to 7 against Pennsylvania State—a team that tied Harvard. Rutgers is another "freshwater college" which has done well, and of course every well-informed football enthusiast knows that Washington and Jefferson defeated Yale and lost to Harvard by the narrow margin of one point. Franklin and Marshall triumphed over Pennsylvania and scored on Cornell. When the experts determine the final ranking in the East, they will have to put Williams well toward the top, for the men from the Berkshires lost only to Dartmouth, and defeated, among other teams, their ancient rivals Amherst, Wesleyan, Vermont, and Trinity, and held Princeton to a 7-to-7 tie.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH'S NEW EDUCATIONAL BUILDINGS

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is one of the historic churches of America, though by no means one of the oldest. Its fame as the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher, during the stirring times in which he was its pastor, became world-wide. Under the pastorate of Dr. Abbott and of Dr. Hillis the activities of the church, while perhaps not attracting the international attention accorded to them as a result of Mr. Beecher's unexampled power as an orator, have nevertheless not been lessened, but rather increased. The latest expansion of the work of the church is in the addition of a group of fine new educational buildings provided for by the estate of the late John Arbuckle as a memorial to Mr. Beecher. These buildings, which have just been dedicated with noteworthy services, furnish a splendid center for the neighborhood and social work which the modern church is gradually assuming as its present-day opportunity of extending the message of religion to mankind.

The new buildings occupy the front of an entire block, and are connected with the church by a spacious arcade, which is to be utilized as an art gallery for loan exhibitions —Plymouth Church being perhaps the first church thus to incorporate an art gallery into its work. A fine gymnasium, with running track and bowling alleys, will appeal to the young men and women of the congregation and their friends; adjacent to this is the club-house, equipped with library, recreation and dining rooms, and a complete kitchen from which food may be conveniently supplied to any of the three floors of the building. Next to the club-house and gymnasium will be a five-story building, not yet completed, devoted to class-rooms, which are to be used mainly for night school work for serious-minded young men and women who may wish thus to improve their opportunities.

These admirably planned buildings are to be used not for settlement work, nor for reform purposes, but as a vital part of the church's mission in helping to improve standards and conditions, moral, social, and physical, for all over whom its influence falls. In the emphatic words of its pastor, Dr. Hillis, Plymouth Church is hereafter "to carry its spiritual activities straight through the six days of the week," and these additions to the church will give powerful assistance in carrying out this enlightened programme.

It is a matter for congratulation, alike to the architects and the donors of this new center for Plymouth's social and educational activities, that the new structures are æsthetically most attractive. In this respect they are at once a worthy memorial to Mr. Beecher —a statue of whom, in a characteristic attitude, is placed outside the art gallery—and a positive architectural addition to the locality which is so fortunate as to possess them. A picture of the new buildings appears on another page. See also the editorial entitled "The Working Church."

AMERICAN ARTS AND LETTERS

The annual joint session of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters recently held in the city of New York was rendered notable by the presence of M. Brieux, the distinguished French dramatist and Academician, the first representative of the Académie Française ever accredited by that venerable institution to any foreign academy. The first meeting in Æolian Hall

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brought together an audience of unusual size and distinction, while the platform was filled with the members of the Academy and the Institute.

In introducing M. Brieux, Mr. Howells emphasized the honor which the French Academy had done the Academy and Institute in departing from its long-established precedent and sending one of its members to bear its greetings to a foreign Academy. His characterization of the work of M. Brieux was a very happy piece of literature:

All that work of his in which we are aware of an imagination finding supreme expression in the drama; a profound reverence for truth as the life of invention; an instinctive obedience to the authority that rests with reality alone; a keen wit sparely flickering at moments into delicate humor or broadening into rich burlesque; an unfailing mastery of character and a quick sensibility to every variance of motive; a pervading awe of the tragedy of life, not less in its nature than in its conditioning; a tender compassion for suffering and helplessness; a manly abhorrence of cruelty and a loathing of baseness.

M. BRIEUX'S ADDRESS

The distinguished visitor, in the uniform of the French Academy, received a welcome which was threefold in its warmth—a welcome to the speaker as a man of letters, as a representative of the Academy, and as a Frenchman. Before beginning his address he read an eloquent letter from the President of the Republic of France to the President of the United States, both of them Academicians. Monsieur Poincaré expressed the desire he had entertained to attend the meeting, a desire defeated by the events now taking place in Europe, and added:

The Académie Française, faithful guardian of the literary traditions of my country, has commissioned M. Brieux to carry to the brilliant civilization of America the greetings of the old and undying civilization of the Mediterranean. Permit me to add to this general greeting a personal expression of my intense admiration for the great Republic over whose destinies you preside so nobly. Allow me also to add an expression of the constant sympathy and interest which the free democracy that I have the honor to represent has for your glorious nation.

M. Brieux's address dealt with various aspects of the drama which in his judgment enable it to contribute to social betterment. He expressed his profound conviction that the theater may be made a valuable means of instruction; that its ambition ought not to be limited to amusing the spectators, but that it should also make people think; and he defined very interestingly the purpose of three or four of his own plays.

Mr. Brander Matthews, who followed him, read a brief letter from President Wilson, who expressed his regret that he was unable to be present. Mr. Matthews's answer to the question, "What is pure English?" was characteristically epigrammatic and suggestive. It was pointedly and often amusingly illustrated from current usage, and was a plea for the vital as opposed to the pedantic conception of language. Our language, Mr. Matthews declared, is owned by the masses, who are the best word-makers. Mr. Robert Herrick began his discussion of "The Quality of Imagination in American Life" with a description of the growth of the modern industrial town of Gary on a place which, not many years ago, was waste land, and declared that the city is the result of American imagination, and that this imaginative spirit, daringly incorporating itself, has made Americans the most materialistic and the most idealistic people who have ever lived.

MUSIC BY AMERICAN COMPOSERS

Another of the sessions of the joint meeting of the American Academy and the National Institute was devoted to a "presentation of orchestral music composed by members of the Institute." Of the five composers whose works were presented, two are not native Americans. Charles Martin Loeffler is an Alsatian by birth, and Frederick August Stock is a native of Yülich, Germany, son of a bandmaster in the German army. Both of these men, however, have been residents in this country for many years—Mr. Loeffler since 1881 and Mr. Stock since 1895; and both have been identified with American orchestras—Mr. Loeffler for several years with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Stock with the Thomas Orchestra of Chicago, in which he was a member and then assistant conductor until the death of Theodore Thomas, and since then the conductor. The other three men whose works were performed are native Americans—two born in Massachusetts, Frederick Shepherd Converse and Arthur Whiting; and the other, David Stanley Smith, in Ohio.

Perhaps it would be too much to claim

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Mr. Stock and Mr. Loeffler as American composers; though it is usually forgotten that César Franck, who is generally regarded as one of the greatest of French composers, was Belgian by birth and early education, and was not naturalized as a Frenchman until he was nearly fifty years old. As a matter of fact, it seems to matter little whether a composer is born in this country or in Europe so far as the nature of his music is concerned. Mr. Converse's symphonic poem "Ormazd" is indistinguishable in style and spirit from the sort of music that has been "made in Germany" under the influence of Richard Strauss. Mr. Converse's composition was a piece of programme music, a form of music which in its elements is familiar to most children. The small boy who sits on his father's knee before the piano and asks to have the family life rehearsed on the keyboard, the baby's crying being represented in the high treble, the dog's bark in the deep bass, and the older brother's coming downstairs in a rapid scale from treble to bass, is asking for programme music. Mr. Converse dealt with subtler things—namely, the struggle between Ormazd and Ahriman. Without explicit instructions, however, one would have been equally satisfied with the explanation that it was a description of the Harvard-Yale game. That is true of all programme music, from the sophisticated form represented by "Ormazd" to the simpler form appreciated by the small boy on his father's knee. Half the enjoyment of it comes, not from the fact that it is music, but from the fact that it is a sort of game. Mr. Converse's mastering of his medium was thoroughly demonstrated. In this particular his work should serve as an example to young Americans who have musical ambitions. As Mr. Arthur Whiting pointed out in the paper which he read before the Institute the next day, a common failing of the young American composer is his inclination to dodge at the hard work that is necessary if he wishes to win a respectful hearing from those who know what well-written music is. Mr. Converse mastered his orchestra with perfect ease. He made it do his bidding. He showed thorough acquaintance with recent developments in harmony, and moved with freedom in the realm that lies beyond the bounds of tonality.

Mr. Stock's composition, the Andante from his "First Symphony," was graceful but undistinguished. It was an entirely competent piece of work, not quite so much in the fashion as Mr. Converse's, but sufficiently in the idiom of the modern German school.

Mr. Smith's overture, "Prince Hal," was, like the works of the other two, a product of technical knowledge well employed. It had, too, an element of spontaneity that seemed to be lacking for the most part in Mr. Converse's work. Mr. Converse was formerly Assistant Professor of Music at Harvard, while Mr. Smith is Assistant Professor of Music at Yale. On this occasion Harvard seemed to be outplayed.

The works of special distinction on this programme were Mr. Loeffler's *fantasie symphonique*, "La Villanelle du Diable," and Mr. Whiting's Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra, Opus 11. Mr. Loeffler's work is familiar to many attendants of concerts in this country. It is nominally a piece of programme music, but it does not depend upon any extrinsic interest for its appeal to the auditor. It is spirited, vivacious, bold, and melodious. It deserves to live and thrive.

Mr. Whiting's Fantasy, performed on this occasion for the first time in New York, had absolutely no merits but its own to plead. It did not depend upon the virtues of some poem or picture or story. Whatever its virtues, they were a part of the musical structure itself. Its rhythm seized you and carried you along with it. Its themes and motives invited you, now from this point and now from that. It was masculine music, unafraid of primitive chords, ready to hammer home its truths if necessary. As Mr. Converse's work could hardly have been written without Strauss, and Mr. Loeffler's work without the French school, so Mr. Whiting's work would probably not have been written without Brahms; but, besides, there was in it something that was not in the others—that sense of rhythm and syncopation that is strongly American, and that has found expression in ragtime. This does not mean that there was any indication of the obvious influence of the ragtime dance, but there was in it that which makes the ragtime dance so congenial to American ears—variety and vigor of rhythm.

This programme was ample demonstration of the fact that American music does not need to be subjected to suspicion because it is American. A great deal of music made in Germany and other countries of Europe and performed in this country is of no greater technical value, and is of distinctly inferior

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musical interest, to every one of the compositions heard that afternoon; and very seldom is anything of modern European composition produced here that equals in interest or in permanent value the compositions of Mr. Loeffler and Mr. Whiting.

GIFTS AND ADDRESSES

At the closing session of the American Academy and the National Institute, Dr. William M. Sloane, Chancellor of the Academy, announced that a noble building site in New York has been presented to the two societies, and that before the outbreak of the war a very large gift of money had also been presented on condition that the two societies should be suitably housed within the next five years. Mr. Brian Hooker's poem on "The Maker of Images" was an example of the kind of verse which is not written for an occasion, but has intrinsic vitality and beauty. Mr. Whiting repeated his popular triumph of the afternoon before by reading a paper on "The American Composer" of exceptional incisiveness and humor. Mr. Paul Dougherty happily criticised and defined "Some Modern Tendencies in Painting," and Mr. Cable read a paper on "A Novelist's Philosophy." The gold medal of the National Institute, which is given only for work of distinction in some field of art and letters, was this year awarded to Mr. John S. Sargent in the field of painting. Mr. Blashfield, the President of the Institute, happily characterized the brilliant but absent recipient of this distinction.

New York has perhaps never before seen so large a company of men distinguished in the arts, nor has it ever before given so cordial a welcome to the representatives of the arts.

The chief events were a dinner given to M. Brieux and the Academy by President Butler, and the joint dinner of the Academy and Institute. Every year finds the members of the Academy and Institute more closely knit together in their endeavor to forward the interests of American art and literature.

A FIELD DAY FOR GREAT ART

An exhibition of nineteen Rembrandts, flanked by Van Dycks, Halses, Velasquezes, Titians, Holbeins, and Memlings, with crystals, Chinese porcelains, and Persian rugs thrown in, the whole comprising the great collection bequeathed by Benjamin Altman to the American people, has been thrown open to the public in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. Sunday of last week was the first holiday chance that the people at large had to see their legacy. The statistics of that afternoon should interest those who wonder whether people care for art.

At one o'clock the doors were opened and a waiting crowd charged through the spacious atrium up the noble stairway, straight for the new wing, where part of the Morgan collection was lately put on exhibition. Here, in five halls, the temporary home of the Altman collection, the tide dammed up, although the uniformed Museum guards tried hard to control it. Through the many heads gleamed Rembrandt's famous "Woman Cutting Her Nails," live and beckoning, with its triumphant chiaroscuro. An impetuous art lover, you had started across the way to it, when a peremptory attendant barred the way; "Keep to your left, keep to your left!" was the stern command.

The visitor then, very likely, would let the tide carry him half-way around the room until he set his feet firmly before the great Dutchman's "Man with a Magnifying Glass," his "Pilate Washing his Hands," and the "Lady with a Pink," a trio of canvases to root the art worshiper for hours before their glowing color and deep humanity.

"Keep moving," calls the guard again. Some of the visitors moved reluctantly, their feet planted against heels ahead, their shoulders squared belligerently backwards, their eyes besought to linger here by a Dürer, there by a Vermeer, then, "Keep moving, keep to the left."

It was comical, it was hopeless, but it was not exasperating. It was so obviously necessary and intended to be helpful, like the subway guard's "Watch your step; lively, please." For between the hours of one and six no less than eight thousand and eighty-six persons crowded to see the Altman pictures. Even those who resented that "Keep moving" could hardly be pessimistic over unappreciated art in America.

The crowd would linger before the largest canvases—Velasquez's "Philip the Fourth," with the bad, small eyes and pincushion mouth, or Van Dyck's man with the wonderfully painted hand; but now and then an intelligent group stopped stubbornly before a tiny Peter de Hoogh; or Holbein's "Margaret Wyatt" drew their regard with its sure

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portrayal of a lady who in later days would have been a leader and a feminist.

The room of rugs and furniture and sculptured heads held fewest people, though it was a place to tease the curious to hours of pleasant study. The rug-covered walls glowed rich with colors painters hardly dare to use. A little terra-cotta Madonna by Majano drew one's heart with its pretty, pitiful smile, while aching limbs begged to rest in wonderful carved chairs ranged invitingly round the walls.

MAJOR HIGGINSON ON THE VALUE OF CHARACTER

Few things have made a deeper impression upon the public mind than the declaration of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, in his evidence before a Congressional committee not long before his death, that in the business world character was of immeasurably greater value than collateral. And now another captain of industry, Major Henry L. Higginson, of Boston, bears similar testimony to the soundness of the same great principle, giving it, however, an even broader scope.

When asked on the eve of his eightieth birthday recently, by a reporter of the Boston "Post," what message he had for the young men of to-day, he is said to have replied: "Just this. Let each make the best use of the chance he has and do the best he can in the circumstances in which he is placed. Better them, if he can; but remember that the only asset anybody has is character."

It is a good working philosophy of life for any young man to adopt and follow. Knowledge, cleverness—even brilliancy, capital, influence—these aids may carry a young man a certain distance and may seem to promise him the attainments of his goal, whether it be power or fame or riches. But the wisdom of wide experience and of a deep knowledge of human nature, so pithily embodied in Major Higginson's words, teaches that greater and, in the long run, far more powerful than any or all of these, is character. And if the question is asked, "Exactly what is meant by character?" the answer may perhaps be made: Devotion to high ideals of conduct in one's profession or business, in one's relation to the State and to the community, and in one's social and family life.

Not many men, it is safe to say, have met these requirements to the extent and in the manner that Major Higginson has. He served his country in the Civil War; he has served not only his own city but other grateful communities by organizing and very largely supporting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Soldiers' Field and that democratic club for undergraduates and graduates, the Harvard Union, are evidences of his devotion to his Alma Mater, while his private benefactions for all sorts of deserving causes have been numerous and munificent.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Mr. Jerome, the English humorist, has been warning us that America suffers from its devotion to humor, and that Americans are willing to pay too much for a laugh. Humor is a National characteristic—the outgrowth or the expression of various elements which enter into the very structure of the American character. It may very well be objected that we have too much of it, and that we excel in quantity rather than in quality; and the charge that we pay too much for a laugh rests on indubitable evidence. The presence of the impulse to laugh is coincident with the almost total absence of the element of reverence on this continent.

Our humorists, however, have not as a rule been idle jokers. They will be read by future historians because they have expressed quaintly and sometimes pregnantly the various crises of feeling through which the country has passed. If no one of them has quite reached the dignity of Lowell's "Biglow Papers," they have more than once not only wittily but wisely dealt with great issues. From Petroleum V. Nasby and Orpheus C. Kerr during the Civil War to the days of "Mr. Dooley," American humorists have flashed many side-lights on the history of the day; and while they are not to be ranked with Bret Harte, John Hay, Lowell, or "Mark Twain," they have made notes and comments on the margin of the page of our National history which will make not only entertaining but illuminating reading for the men of the future.

Robert J. Burdette, who recently died in Pasadena, California, had had a typical American experience. He served as a private in the Union army, became a postal clerk, and then, unable to realize what he declared to be his ambition to become a great historical painter, he went into journalism, beginning his career on a newspaper in Peoria, Illinois, and passing thence through various editorial offices to become associate editor of

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the Burlington (Iowa) "Hawkeye," a point of vantage from which he speedily made a National reputation. From Burlington he finally made his way to the office of the Brooklyn "Eagle." He had meantime become a lecturer and had been licensed as a minister of the Baptist Church. In 1900 he became associated in an editorial capacity with the Los Angeles "Times," and three years later he became pastor of a Baptist church in that city. He disclaimed any ambition to be humorous, but humor was part of his very nature; and even when he was dealing with the most serious subjects in the most serious spirit it was impossible for him to restrain the "larkiness" of his pen. He had a genius for bringing together ideas whose relationship no one else had ever been able to recognize; and his forms of expression had the same quality of unexpectedness. The Burlington "Hawkeye" during his editorial management became one of the most influential papers in the Central West; and he avoided in his later editorial career the mistakes he made in founding a small local paper which, he said, "the gods loved but the advertisers did not."

Like all real humorists, Mr. Burdette was essentially a serious man.

PROGRESS IN CITY GOVERNMENT

If there were any doubt in the mind of any student of the times as to the hold that municipal questions are taking upon the minds of the American people, it would have been largely, if not completely, dissipated by the interest manifested in the Baltimore meeting of the National Municipal League. At two sessions the crowds attending were so great that only half could be accommodated. The developing interest of women in municipal affairs was shown, not only in the attendance, but by the number of eminent women who found a place on the programme and who participated in the discussion. Moreover, the delegates, coming as they did from the Pacific coast, the Central West, the East, and the South, showed how general was the interest in the upbuilding of our cities into efficient instruments for the betterment of the people.

It is hard to say which subject aroused the most attention—that of municipal home rule, the social phases, or the question of the introduction of experts to guarantee efficiency. The address of President Lowell, of Harvard, on the latter subject was carefully listened to by an audience of nearly two thousand, and was received with every manifestation of approval, as were also the various reports designed to put his suggestions into practice.

City Manager Waite's paper on his experience in Dayton and his nearly two hours' cross-examination by keen and deeply interested delegates were another feature showing the trend of sentiment and interest. While it is generally recognized that Mr. Waite is the right man in the right place, he showed how the city manager plan as a plan made not only for efficiency but for democratic efficiency, which is the aim and object of the League.

The meeting was notable because of the presentation of the first part of the report of the Committee on Municipal Programme. In 1900 the League issued its first municipal programme, which had a marked influence on charter thinking and undertakings, representing as it did the concentration of responsibility and of power, a simplified form of government, a single council elected at large, and a very considerable measure of municipal home rule. Since that time, however, as President Foulke pointed out in his annual address, there had been a very great development of public sentiment; and what was not feasible in 1900 was comparatively easy of accomplishment in the present year. During that period the commission form of government has come into popularity and reached its fruitage and prepared the way for the commission-manager idea, which received the hearty approval and commendation of the present Committee on Municipal Programme.

The new municipal programme provides not only for the city manager plan and a small council to be elected at large in the smaller cities and from large districts in metropolitan centers, but also for the introduction of experts into municipal affairs and for a greater democratization of the whole machinery.

One illustration may serve to indicate the practical effect of what the League is doing. At this Baltimore meeting a luncheon was devoted to municipal budgets. The Mayor of Baltimore and the accounting officers of the city were present, as well as the members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. As a result of the presentation of the necessity for a scientifically arranged budget and of the discussion of the subject, the Baltimore Board of Estimate and Appor-

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tionment, of which the Mayor is the presiding officer, met that afternoon and arranged to have the Baltimore budget for 1915 made up on the basis of the most advanced recommendations of the National Municipal League's representatives.

WAR AND AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

Disastrous as the war has been to the manufacturing industries of the entire world, it may nevertheless perform the beneficent function of liberating the United States from a foreign industrial subjection from which escape seemed impossible. More than half of our industries are probably dependent for raw material upon Germany. That was driven home to us when the supply of chemicals, coal-tar dyes, therapeutic products, and the like was suddenly cut off. While it is idle to suppose that in the course of a few weeks a chemical industry can be built up comparable with that which Germany has succeeded in creating only after forty years of the most painstaking scientific research, our manufacturers may nevertheless accomplish much by endeavoring to make their own raw material—in a word, to exercise their ingenuity and to utilize hidden possibilities of which they have not even an inkling.

Thomas A. Edison has furnished a striking example of what may be accomplished. He found it impossible to obtain from Europe the enormous quantities of carbolic acid which he required for the manufacture of phonograph records. Undaunted by the fact that English men-of-war had either destroyed or blockaded German shipping, thereby completely severing the commercial ties with which this country has been connected with Hamburg and Bremen, he devised a carbolic-acid process of his own, which has made him independent of Germany not only for the time being but forever. He has not only solved a pressing personal problem, but he has enriched his country with a new industry.

How many industries may not be similarly created if Edison's brilliant example were followed? There is only one Edison, but there is much ingenuity waiting to be profitably employed in establishing our industrial freedom. Scientific research as applied to industry is not unknown in this country. Many of our huge corporations—"trusts," they used to be in the old days—would never have grown to their present magnificent proportions had it not been for the laboratory work conducted by chemists and physicists whose names are known only to the members of our technical societies. A small manufacturer may not be able to establish a permanent research laboratory to answer his questions scientifically, but he can find enough technically trained men in the country fully competent to deal with a single problem. Indeed, so troublous are the times that scientific research on a small scale could be more economically conducted than in piping times of peace, when research scientists as well as manufacturers are more engrossed with the needs of the moment than the demands of the future.

We may yet have reason to be grateful in this respect at least for the war if it thus arouses our latent possibilities. Opportunity beckons in our export trade, in markets with which Americans are but little familiar, and in which they must expect to meet European competition when peace reigns again. Industrial freedom is worth more than all the trade which we are ever likely to have with South America.

A NEW SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR OUR SAILORS

The Swedish system of physical training in use in the British navy is now being introduced in the navy of the United States. Already it has been tried in several of the naval training stations and on several ships, and as rapidly as is convenient it will be taken up on all the vessels of our navy.

In the old days of "windjammers," when a sailor was a sailor and not the nondescript jack-of-all-trades that he is to-day, men aboard ships were the superiors in all-round physical ability of the tars of to-day. After spending a considerable part of the average day scrambling through a ship's rigging a sailor had usually acquired about all the exercise he could comfortably absorb. Now the sailor's life is less arduous, and it has been found wise to develop systematically the physique of the man-of-war's-men of to-day.

The new system of physical training has been described at some length in the "United States Naval Medical Bulletin" by Surgeon J. A. Murphy, U. S. N., who has been introducing the new method at several naval training schools. According to him, it is superior to the old system in that it gives a more uniform and balanced development, and develops more the important mental and moral qualities of attentiveness, initiative,

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obedience, and responsiveness to commands. Surgeon Murphy says: "The old system consisted of a limited fixed set of exercises lacking variety and progression, and performed either to music or by following the movements of a leader. After a short time, through familiarity, attention in this system becomes unnecessary, and the action soon becomes monotonous, indifferent, and spiritless. In the new system constant play of will power on the part of those under drill is brought out by the inability to know what is coming next. Physical development becomes then a companion to increased mental quickness.

"Such apparatus as is used requires little space and would add but little weight aboard ship, and the cost is not great.

"This training is essentially planned to develop the healthy and active efficiency of all and not of a specialized few. By doing this a decided gain is made in military efficiency, it being very apparent that the weaker units of a company of men show the speed of the whole.

"The effects noted in the men and boys under training have been very marked and have been especially pleasing in details like cooks, bandsmen, and coal-passers, who, through occupation, mixed nationality, or mental dullness, lacked cohesiveness and military characteristics. These individuals were unified into concerted effort, and slouchiness, laziness, and negativeness were quickly replaced by mental brightness, speed, aggressiveness, and smartness."

UNHAPPY MEXICO: AMERICA'S RESPONSIBILITY

The American people have been so absorbed in the accounts of the terrible tragedy in Europe and in their endeavors to understand its significance and to ameliorate the suffering which it causes that they are liable to forget the lesser tragedy in their immediate neighbor, unhappy Mexico. For the European tragedy America has no responsibility, unless the failure of the State Department to present to Germany a prompt protest against her disregard of her treaty with us at The Hague by her disregard of Belgian neutrality involves America in some share of responsibility for the awful desolation of that wholly innocent land. But for the anarchy which has for two years past been devastating Mexico, and which apparently threatens it with devastation for some time to come, America has very grave responsibility.

For these conditions America is responsible because a "big brother" nation owes duties to its weaker neighbor—the duties which the rich owe to the poor, the wise to the ignorant, the strong to the weak, the duties which the priest and the Levite owed to the wounded traveler whom they passed by, and which Dives owed to Lazarus who lay at his door. The nation as truly as the individual is recreant which rests content with its own liberty and prosperity while its less fortunate neighbor suffers from oppression or anarchy.

This responsibility of the "big brother" nation America has frankly recognized and publicly affirmed. It was recognized by the declaration of President Monroe that America would not suffer the unholy "Holy Alliance" to rob a new Republic's weaker neighbors of their liberty. The Monroe Doctrine did not create, it simply recognized, our National responsibility. It did not make us our brother's keeper; it simply acknowledged the truth of international brotherhood. That duty to a weaker neighbor America again frankly recognized when it declared war against Spain in order to deliver Cuba from intolerable oppression, and, when Cuba was delivered, promised her by the Platt amendment the care-taking involved in a protectorate. That duty America again recognized when it instituted measures to protect Santo Domingo from her own self-destruction—measures none the less essentially right because now they appear to be ineffectively maintained.

That "big brother" responsibility for a weaker neighbor has been emphasized in the case of Mexico by the course of our National Administration since the inauguration of President Wilson. It is owing to the influence of America that Huerta is in exile and the Huerta Government is no more. It did not deserve our recognition. It had been made possible only by treachery and assassination; whether Huerta was personally guilty of participation in the crime or not, it was by flagrant crime that he was put in the presidential chair. But when America had successfully exerted its influence to destroy such government in Mexico as existed, every principle of National honor and the recognized principles of international law obliged

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it to see that a government should be put in its place which can and will protect persons and property. America cannot, without dishonor, help to destroy one government and then stand idly by while anarchy takes its place.

This responsibility of America is still further emphasized by the occupation of Vera Cruz by American troops. In this occupation America has wisely sought and obtained the co-operation of Mexican citizens in the administration of the city; and now the Administration has withdrawn those troops and left the city and those who have befriended and co-operated with the American army unprotected save for the presence of an American naval vessel or two. The city has now fallen into the hands of the Carranzistas, so that our late friends and quasi-allies will find themselves in subjection to a faction of the revolutionists whose leader has been distrustful and inimical to American influence in Mexico.

It is true that the war in Europe adds to the difficulty of fulfilling our duties toward our neighbor, but it also adds to our obligation. There are many Germans and English in Mexico. They have a right and their countries have a right under these circumstances to look to America to furnish the protection which their countries cannot furnish.

The Outlook is convinced that the difficulty of fulfilling our duty toward Mexico has been greatly exaggerated by the timid. To govern Mexico would be a difficult task. But our duty is, not to govern Mexico, but to do for Mexico what we found it not difficult to do for Vera Cruz. It is to protect persons and property, and, as fast as possible, to turn over the administration of the government to the citizens of Mexico. As soon as the citizens of Vera Cruz discovered that this was all we wished to do, but that this we were determined to do, hostility in that city ceased to be dangerous, if it did not altogether cease. It will take a longer time to convince the people of Mexico that we have no covetous desire for their territory and no ambitious desire to force our political or civil ideas upon them, that we have neither a land-lust nor a lust of world power. But to inspire them with this conviction is not impossible, nor, while we are inspiring them with this conviction, is it impossible to prevent looting and assassination, the despoiling of churches, and the dishonoring of women.

The course of the Administration in withdrawing all United States troops from Mexico and leaving it to the revolutionary factions that are battling for the mastery can be defended only in case the President has a well-grounded conviction that Villa, whose star is evidently in the ascendency, is both able and willing to furnish that safeguard of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" which it is the inalienable right of every individual to enjoy, whatever the form of government or the degree of civilization of the community in which he lives. If the President has such a conviction, we think he is under obligation to communicate to his fellow-citizens the grounds on which it is based; at present the great majority of them do not possess that confidence in the Mexican leader.

THE WORKING CHURCH

In the last three-quarters of a century a radical change has taken place in the methods and spirit of church work. Three-quarters of a century ago the only equipment of a Christian church was a building for Sunday worship, with a smaller building or room for week day worship, and sometimes, though rarely, a separate room for a Sunday-school. The parish house was unknown. Rarely, if ever, was there a mission chapel. The missionary work of the church was done at long range by home or foreign missionaries.

In 1844 the Young Men's Christian Association was organized. At first it, also, was chiefly a preaching and worshiping association, but gradually it grew to be a social, a teaching, and an athletic association. The churches, inspired by its success, followed its example. To-day every efficient church in our larger cities has its mission chapel, and an increasing number of them a parish house, with its educational and club facilities. A striking illustration of this modern equipment of the modern church is furnished by Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Some account of its recent development by the addition to it of the Arbuckle buildings is given on another page.

By many this development of church activity is looked upon with suspicion if not with apprehension. It is regarded as a secularizing of religion, as a diversion of the work of the church from its proper function of public worship and public preaching into activities which are purely humanitarian, as a substitution of philanthropy for religion. We recog-

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nize that there is danger in this movement, as there is in all radical movements, but we believe that it is distinctly in the direction of a broader, better, more human, more Christlike activity, a movement back to the ideal of Christian service given to his Church alike by the teaching and by the example of the Master.

Jesus Christ in his first recorded sermon announced the mission which he had come to fulfill on the earth:

> The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

After his death he imparted to his disciples the Spirit, and gave to his disciples the mission which he had received from his Father: "As the Father hath sent me," saith he, "even so send I you." To do Christ's work is to do what he did. It is not recorded that he ever conducted public worship. He did preach the Gospel, but he also fed the hungry, healed the sick, comforted the sorrowing, and imparted a life which has educated the ignorant, emancipated the slave, and transformed governments from the government of the many for the benefit of the few to governments by the many, through the ministry of the few, for the benefit of all. The kingdom of heaven which he preached was not a kingdom in heaven, but a kingdom on the earth, interpreted by the prayer which he taught his disciples, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

We are coming to understand better than our fathers did the nature of this kingdom, to see the meaning of the declaration of Paul that godliness has the promise of the life that now is as well as of the life which is to come; that the God of this life and of the future life is the same; that the laws of this life and of the future life are identical; that the secret of happiness there is the secret of happiness here.

We are coming to understand also that the object of the Church should be the development of a perfect man; that the apostles and prophets and evangelists and pastors and teachers are all for the purpose of bringing men unto a perfect manhood; and that perfect manhood means that the body, soul, and spirit shall all be made blameless. We have learned, on the one hand, how great is the influence of the spirit on the body, and the modern physician does not expect to cure physical disease by merely physical remedies. He ministers to the body through the spirit, and the best doctor is always better than the medicine which he prescribes. We are also learning the effect of the body on the spirit. We no longer expect an ideal sainthood in an emaciated and inefficient body. We do not substitute a gymnasium for the prayer-meeting, but the gymnasium may be as truly a Christian instrument as the prayer-meeting. We do not substitute a boys' club for a Bible class, but the boys' club may be as truly a Christian instrument as a Bible class. Not only healing the sick but preventing sickness by the promotion of a sound body is doing Christ's work. It is carrying on by modern methods the kind of work that Christ did by the methods available to him in his own time.

We are beginning also to learn the difference between teaching and training. Training is the formation of habit. What a man does once he does more easily the second time. What he does frequently becomes a habit. Habit long continued becomes a second nature. It is advantageous to preach in the pulpit the duty of fellowship. It is also advantageous to form under the leadership of the church and imbued with the Christian atmosphere a club in which boys and girls shall learn fellowship by practicing fellowship. It is advantageous to preach that one should be willing to sacrifice himself for the general good. It is also advantageous to train boys and girls to form the habit of sacrificing themselves for the general good. That is what the boys call "team work," and the habit of team work can better be trained in boys and girls by a wise gymnastic teacher than by a Sunday-school teacher. One of the great lessons we have to learn in America is how men of different races, religious faiths, social prejudices, can work together for their mutual benefit. In other words, one of the great lessons we have to learn in America is the lesson of human brotherhood; and one of the best ways of not only teaching this lesson but of developing this spirit is in the club under Christian influence and Christian leaders.

Under the influence of this movement the Church itself is taking on a new life.

The definition of the Church given in the Thirty-nine Articles may fairly be taken as the definition of the Church which has been

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prevalent in all Protestant churches until, say, half a century ago :

> The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.

If the church is simply a teaching organization, then an auditorium in which the people can assemble and one educated teacher to instruct them are all that is necessary. If it is simply a worshiping organization, then a sacred edifice in which they may gather and may unite, either passively or actively, while a priest, set apart for that purpose, conducts the worship, is all that is necessary. But if the church is a working organization, if it is to prepare men for successful and beneficent business, if it is to prepare them to develop a good physique, social efficiency, and spiritual friendship, it must have more than a teacher and more than a priest. The club-house will be useless unless Christian men and women carry the Christian atmosphere into it. They cannot send it by the hands of a messenger. Thus this modern, broad, humane conception of Christianity as a power which fits men for this life, fits the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, and fits him by training, not merely by teaching, reacts upon the Church and makes it a living organism, a true army of volunteers.

There is a great difference between the religion of humanity and the humanity of religion. The religion of humanity is based on the belief that we can know nothing about God and a future life, that all we can know is our neighbor, and all we can do is to practice the Golden Rule in our dealings with him.

The humanity of religion is based on the belief that God is the Father of the whole family of man, that because he is our Father we are all brothers, that we go to church not to serve him but to be served by him, that the only way to serve him is by rendering service to his children. The church which substitutes institutional work for inspirational work makes a fatal mistake. The more institutional it is, the more inspirational it ought to be. But that church follows most closely the example and possesses most fully the spirit of the Master which uses the instruction from the pulpit and the worship at the altar to inspire the whole membership to carry out into life, and, as far as possible, through the influence of the church, the spirit of brotherly love.

CHARLES RIGOULOT

Mr. Charles Rigoulot, who died on Sunday, November 22, was, with one exception, in point of service, the oldest member of The Outlook family. Born in Belfort, near the eastern frontier of France, he came to this country as a boy shortly after the close of the Franco-German War of forty-three years ago. He began almost at once his association with The Outlook, then the " Christian Union," and as a boy in the business department showed from the start the concentration of interest and absorption in his work which were characteristic of his life. Round of face, of a smiling countenance, of pleasant manners and radiating cheerfulness, the boy was the father of the man.

He was not an employee in the usual sense of the word ; The Outlook has never had employees ; those who work for it in all departments, in a very real sense, share in its fortunes and are partners and friends. The spirit of comradeship unifies them in devotion to an enterprise which seems to them a privilege and an opportunity quite as much as an occupation. In the fellowship of a service which commanded not only his utmost fidelity but his affection and enthusiasm Mr. Rigoulot lived and died, not " in the harness," but *in the freedom of a task* which was his supreme interest in life.

He developed extraordinary ability in the analysis of accounts, and he became, in his field, an expert statistician. As Circulation Manager of The Outlook he constituted himself the personal guardian of the list, to whom the stopping of a subscription was a personal loss, a new subscription a personal gain, and a delinquent subscriber he called a " prodigal " to be persuaded back into the family. In dealing with so large a list mistakes and oversights are inevitable, but many subscribers have spoken of the courtesy with which their letters were received and answered.

Courtesy and pleasantness were Mr. Rigoulot's racial inheritance, and counted largely in the warm affection in which he was held by his associates, to whom " Charley," as his associates who had known him longest called him, was the contemporary of the entire career of The Outlook. With his fellow-workers in his own department he developed a kind of paternal authority tempered by personal kindness and a semi-humorous responsibility for their well-being. Finding that the books he read were often in demand by his associates,

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he created a little lending library made up of the volumes which interested him. Love for France was a passion with him, and the shadow of the great war rested heavily on his spirits. Balzac's story of the struggle in Brittany in the "Chouans" was in his thoughts during his last days, and the tragedy of the Revolutionary period seemed to gain a deeper pathos to him in the light of the terrible experience through which the country of his heart is now passing.

Mr. Rigoulot had just completed the fortieth year of his service of The Outlook, and his associates are glad to remember that a recognition of the length and quality of that service, presented to him on the day before his unexpected death, gave him the happiness of receiving a "well done, good and faithful friend" from those who will long miss his smile, his cheerfulness, and his loyal devotion to a work in which they all share.

THANKSGIVING AND AFTER

These lines, although they are written before Thanksgiving Day, will not be read until after that distinctive and characteristic American festival has been celebrated. If, however, the observance of Thanksgiving Day is worth anything at all, the spirit which it inspires and fosters should certainly last at least for a week!

The American spirit of Thanksgiving this year is certainly not one of exultation. It is not unnatural that solemnity, if not foreboding, should be the prevailing feeling in the minds and hearts of those who think at all of the flood of human suffering which is now sweeping with unprecedented force and devastation over the surface of the habitable globe. There are many who, not without reason, think that the foundations of religious faith have been hopelessly undermined; that civilization has broken down or is proved to be at best a mere veneer; that hatred is greater than love; that militarism is more intelligent than philosophy; that the sword is mightier than the pen; and that all the talk about social justice and the protection of the weak by the strong and the spiritual evolution of the human race is the foolish babble of mere impractical visionaries.

We do not accept this attitude for ourselves, but, if it were admittted that it is true, what then remains? What is there to be thankful about for those who feel their faith shaken, who are fearful for the fabric of civilization, who wonder if anything but blind force rules the universe? It is to these that we would like to say a word.

For those of us who find our fundamental faith in man and the universe under the pressure of a great attack there are two great things to be thankful for.

The first is Work. The war in Europe has not only destroyed peace, but it has taken away from millions there the opportunity to work. Thank God we have that opportunity left for us in America.

The second is Giving. Millions in Europe have been deprived of the stimulus and joy of giving and have been forced to become, not the disgraced, but nevertheless the sorrowful, recipients of charity. Thank God we in America still have left the blessing of giving.

Mr. Theodore Price, whose name is well known to our readers, announces in his journal, "Commerce and Finance," that the officers of the American Society in London hesitated over the propriety of giving the usual American Thanksgiving dinner this year in the British capital. They expressed the opinion that if given it "should be of an entirely private character; that is to say, no guests, no speeches, no music, no flowers." In commenting upon this announcement Mr. Price speaks as follows:

> With the feeling that is thus expressed all our countrymen will be in sympathy as they approach a holiday that is peculiarly American. . . .
>
> It has been said that the chief value of prayer is in the subjective reaction that it provokes in the mind and heart of the petitioner.
>
> So let us hope it may be with the American Thanksgiving of 1914.
>
> If, in humble thankfulness for our blessings, we shall become more sympathetic with suffering, more responsive to the needs of others, more tolerant of error, more patient with ignorance, and less considerate of ourselves, then indeed our autumnal festival of plenty will acquire a new benignancy, and we may rejoice in our ability to lessen the misery of the world by sharing our endowment with those less fortunate.

This spirit of Thanksgiving is better and more to be trusted than that which sometimes possesses us in hours of complacent happiness.

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WORK

A SONG OF TRIUMPH

BY ANGELA MORGAN

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the soul and the brain on fire.
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal.
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it,
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world. . . .
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it,
And what is so huge as the aim of it,
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out;
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills,
Rending a continent apart
To answer the dream of the Master heart. . . .
Thank God for a world where none may shirk,
Thank God for the splendor of work!

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DEMOCRACY AND MILITARY PREPARATION

THE FORMATION OF A RESERVE

On November 21 Yale opened her new athletic field to her students, her graduates, and their guests. It was an impressive occasion—for more reasons than one. Within the confines of her coliseum there was gathered an assemblage in numbers only a few thousand less than the force provided by our Nation of one hundred million people for its protection against invasion. In other words, the standing army of the United States could be easily accommodated in the grand stand provided for the football games of a single university. Is it too much to adduce from this fact that we are not greatly in danger of having our National ideals menaced by militaristic domination?

Even to those who confuse military preparation with militaristic ambition such a showing ought hardly to seem disconcerting. To those, however, who can distinguish between the tools at a government's disposal and the purpose of a government in using them there will appear in this statement serious food for thought, for it is in the continuance of our present state of unpreparedness rather than in the fulfillment of the National military policy outlined in our Constitution that the danger lies to our governmental ideals. To say that the United States should place itself in a position to maintain its own existence and the validity of its international obligations is no more a plea to turn our Government over to militaristic domination than a plea for religion is a plea for the establishment in this country of a theocracy.

The policy of maintaining a standing army inadequate to carry on a war of any magnitude without assistance from both the organized and unorganized militia is accepted by both soldiers and statesmen. This policy can be considered rational, however, only when back of this body of soldiers, under arms, there exists a reserve of both officers and men so trained and organized that they can be called into service when required.

At present both our regular army and our organized militia are maintained at less than half war strength. We have no men to fill up the ranks of our peace armies and no adequate plan as to how this may be done. Nor can any plan be made until we have legislation adequate for the creation of such a reserve. This reserve should be not only large enough to fill up the regular army and the militia to war strength, but it should have excess sufficient to make up the wastage for the first three months of a campaign, a wastage which has been estimated as at least fifteen per cent of the war strength of the organizations.

To make this proposed reserve legislation effective in the shortest possible length of time, it should be combined with a proper enlistment act, making it possible to pass men through the service as rapidly as possible consistent with thorough instruction. The army should be made a soldier factory, not a soldier storehouse. It might even be found desirable, except in the case of non-commissioned officers, to prevent re-enlistment of such men as might desire to make of the army a career. In the case of those who under the proposed enlistment act had entered the army as volunteers for performance of a civic duty, they should be given an opportunity for training so arranged as to interfere as little as possible with their education and their business. This training could readily be divided into three periods of two months each. The months of July and August would fit into the school and college vacation period, as well as the usual business vacation. Their instruction during this brief time would be strictly practical in character and devoted to teaching them the discipline and the function of a soldier in the most direct and effective manner.

To many of the older officers of our army six months' training seems a woefully brief time for the production of a soldier; but it must be remembered that this period of instruction is, perhaps, six times as long as would be given this country if confronted with war with a first-class power. Moreover, this instruction would be given under the best of conditions, and should result in the creation of a large body of well-trained men to be held in reserve for at least six years after completing their instruction, with the understanding that they would not be called to the colors except in case of war, and for yearly periods of drill of from five to eight days. Not only would these men be available as reservists for the army and the organized militia, but they could be formed into volunteer regiments under trained volunteer officers as an additional resource in time of war. Naturally enough, the plan to produce for our army and organized militia the necessary reserve also involves the creation of an at present non-existent reserve of war *matériel*.

A problem quite as pressing as the estab-

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lishment of a proper reserve of equipment and men for the ranks is the problem of providing for the men to be thus trained and armed an adequate reserve of officers. This is the problem which at present is causing such grave difficulty to England. During the last few months she has had not only to train private soldiers, but to train officers to give this training—an almost unsurmountable task. This country was confronted with a similar crisis during the Civil War, for at the beginning of that gigantic struggle both officers and men were handicapped by a lack of knowledge of the rudimentary elements of discipline and military science. Towards the end of the war the private who enlisted found himself immeasurably better off than the private of '61. The soldier of '63 fitted into a smoothly running machine officered by men of experience, and faced a very different situation from the volunteer who fought at Bull Run.

For the production of a reserve force of officers there are existent the following potential sources of supply:

First. The graduates of the better class of military schools; the number is very limited.

Second. A certain number of former non-commissioned officers of the regular army who have the necessary qualifications demanded of the lower grades of volunteer officers.

Third. A very small list of men who have qualified through examination for appointments as officers of volunteer organizations.

Fourth. A certain number of men who have passed through the recently established student instruction camps.

Of this last class The Outlook will have later more to say. The benefits that have come to the young college and high school graduates who have attended these camps in increasing numbers since their establishment form a noteworthy chapter in our educational history. Suffice it to say here, however, that from the men available there could be each year appointed from five hundred to one thousand volunteer provisional second lieutenants in the various arms of the service. These men could serve for one year, receiving the pay and allowance of a regular officer of their rank.

Such a programme as we have here outlined would in the end produce for our country an adequate military reserve without the necessity of any disproportionate increase in the number of men now under arms and without the slightest danger of militarism, or the remotest trespass upon the individual liberties of our citizens.

THREE YEARS OF REVOLUTION IN MEXICO

THE evacuation of Vera Cruz by the American troops under General Funston's command on Monday, November 23, took place three years to a month after the assumption of the Presidency of Mexico by Madero. As our soldiers marched on board the transports, Villa's forces were advancing toward the capital, Mexico City, and were expecting to occupy it within a few days; Carranza had fallen back to Orizaba, which is on the railway leading from Mexico City to Vera Cruz; General Blanco had been preserving order in Mexico City, but two days after the American withdrawal newspaper despatches reported mobs looting and terror in the capital. In other words, we leave Vera Cruz at a crucial moment in Mexican history, when war is raging between the two foremost Constitutionalist leaders, and when the prospect of an established government, one that this country may recognize as responsible, seems remote.

A new epoch in the revolutionary struggle in Mexico has evidently begun. It seems, then, a fit time to review briefly and broadly the three years since November, 1911, when (Diaz having resigned after an astonishingly weak attempt to stem by arms the tide of revolt against one-man government) Francisco Madero was chosen President. Elections in Mexico are almost always farcical, but at the time Madero was really the choice of the people. An idealist, a brilliant writer on democracy, perfectly sincere in his belief that the people should own the land, he was also a visionary, a spiritualist, and the most impractical of men. Soon many of his own generals deserted him; insurgents in the north under Vasquez Gomez and in the south under Zapata disturbed the peace; finance, legislation, reform—all were in confusion.

Madero's fall in some form was inevitable. It came horribly and turbulently after a fierce fight in the capital itself. By the treachery

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of Generals Huerta and Blanquet in conjunction with Felix Diaz, who commanded the insurgents, Madero was deposed (March, 1913). His assassination and that of his Vice-President, Suarez, followed. General Huerta was made Provisional President. That the death of Madero was at least indirectly to be laid at Huerta's door was then and is now generally believed. The assassination was carefully shrouded in mystery. Many accounts of the crime have been given; the exact facts are not positively known. But it was in Huerta's interest, he and his fellow-conspirators profited, and no real effort was made to punish the actual perpetrators.

The Administration at Washington took the view that it could not recognize a Government founded on assassination, and refused to deal with Huerta even as a *de facto* ruler. In this stand The Outlook supported the action of President Wilson as high-minded and justified by the facts. But out of this policy grew the set idea of President Wilson that the only thing of importance in Mexico was that Huerta must be "eliminated." Out of this in turn grew a course of action which was called "watchful waiting," but which really amounted to tacit support of Huerta's enemies and to discrimination in the matter of the embargo on arms. It is true that through Mr. John Lind, the President's personal representative, terms were suggested to Huerta for an understanding between the two Governments, but these terms included self-elimination by Huerta, and were scornfully rejected (September, 1913).

Meanwhile, hostility to Huerta had flamed up all over Mexico. General Carranza, Governor of the State of Coahuila, a man of education and a strong advocate of constitutional measures, formed a government of his own and took the field. Zapata, always the enemy of authority, made trouble in the south. Francisco (or Pancho) Villa, ex-bandit, ignorant, forceful, beloved and followed by the peons as their friend, grew in strength and activity in northern central Mexico. As a leader of soldiers he is a phenomenon. Those who believe in him declare that, despite the cruelties and crimes that mark his career, Villa is in earnest in his hatred of despotism and desires to give the common man a chance, and they say also that he has shown marvelous talent not only as a fighter but as an organizer and administrator. He has never, we believe, lost a battle. One by one, Juarez, Chihuahua, Torreon, Ojinaga, Saltillo, Zacatecas, and other important places fell before him, until it was evident that Mexico City was almost within his grasp. He recognized Carranza as First Chief, but between them grew up jealousy and distrust which culminated when it became clear that Carranza did not mean to let Villa lead the attack on Mexico City.

So stood the situation when the Vera Cruz clash came between the United States and Huerta's forces at Vera Cruz (May, 1914). The occasion of the occupation was a disrespect shown our flag, and apologized for, but not with the full reparation demanded. It is considered reasonable by many students of history that behind this was the intention to prevent arms for Huerta being landed at Mexican ports. If so, the desired result was not obtained. Vera Cruz was closed to Huerta, Tampico was soon occupied by the Constitutionalists; but Puerto Mexico was still open, and through it went arms in the German ship which had been stopped at Vera Cruz. The fighting which accompanied our occupation of Vera Cruz resulted in about twenty deaths on our side; perhaps ten times that number among the Mexicans. Whatever the political or international aspects of the occupation now ended, it is admitted on every hand that American sailors, soldiers, and marines, under their officers, have given Mexico a splendid example of municipal administration, orderly conduct, and civic cleanliness, physical and moral.

The occupation of Vera Cruz led to the assembly of the "A B C" Conference at Washington (May, 1914)—a most commendable attempt to use the influence of the three greatest South American countries (Argentina, Brazil, and Chile) to compose the differences between the United States and Mexico and between the two factions in Mexico. It had, as a matter of course, no power to act without the consent of the parties involved, and it came to the rather lame conclusion involved in the offer of the United States through its delegates to forego reparation for the Vera Cruz incident and to recognize as Provisional President any candidate upon whom the Constitutionalists and Huertistas could agree, with the understanding that a fair election should follow. Needless to say, the two Mexican factions could not agree upon a candidate, and the resignation of Huerta left the protocol of the Conference in the air.

This resignation took place in July last. Dictator from the start, Huerta became a despot

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when he drove a Congress from its hall by bayonets and imprisoned a large part of its members, while dark suspicion of guilt for the death of Senator Dominguez and others clung to his skirts. Beaten in the field and embarrassed financially and commercially, he fled, and his name has already passed out of discussion of Mexican affairs. It may at least be said for him that he tried to preserve the life and property of foreigners when possible, and that there is no such long list of crimes against Americans, Europeans, and Mexicans adduced against him as against Villa and Zapata.

With the departure of Huerta a curious period of fencing for political and material advantage began between Villa and Carranza. Villa disclaimed designs on the Presidency, but vehemently declared that Carranza must not be Provisional President. Carranza called a convention of military leaders at Mexico City, but Villa refused to attend. Carranza's resignation was declined by this convention. What purported to be a convention of conciliation was held at Aguas Calientes, but it soon became evident that it was in the interest of Villa, and its nominee for Provisional President, Mr. Gutierrez, was promptly denounced as a rebel by Carranza. Farcical correspondence ensued between Carranza and Villa as to a proposal that both should leave Mexico. Meanwhile Villa moved his army southward, and at this moment a new civil war in Mexico appears unavoidable, with dim prospects of such a stable government in the near future as could be recognized by the United States.

Can Mexico right its own chaotic state by effort of its own, or must there be control from the outside? This is rapidly becoming a question that must be answered. Some aspects of the Mexican problem are discussed in an editorial on another page.

LABOR IN COUNCIL

BY CHARLES STELZLE

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

THE most stirring speech at the Philadelphia Convention of the American Federation of Labor, which was in session from November 9 to 21 inclusive, was not that delivered by Mother Jones, of Colorado, or Jeff Davis, the President of the "Hoboes'" Union; it was the address delivered by Frank P. Walsh, of Kansas City, Chairman of the Commission on Industrial Relations.

And this fact marked the general character of the Federation meeting. It was a high-grade convention of the highest-grade labor leaders in this country. Every maudlin appeal was frowned down upon, although the Convention was not without sentiment of the truest kind. The address delivered by Mrs. Sarah Conboy, of the Textile Workers' Union, in behalf of the strikers in Atlanta, was a simple statement of their physical conditions; but instantly the delegates began to empty their pockets until the sum of five hundred dollars was raised.

Mr. Walsh's address was a masterly presentation of the work of the Industrial Commission. The speech was crowded with epigrams, but there was never a straining after words. With sledge-hammer blows this man from Kansas City—lawyer, reformer, publicist, economist—struck at fundamental evils in our social system. In outlining the work of the Commission Mr. Walsh declared that it was its purpose "to give a voice to that disinherited of God's creatures, the exploited man; to give a voice to a cause more piteous—the cause of the exploited woman; and to make articulate the stifled whimper of the saddest of all elements in the maelstrom of American industry—the exploited and forgotten child."

Nearly four hundred delegates represented the two million members of the American Federation of Labor at the Federation Convention. Practically the same delegates attend the successive conventions of the Federation, not because the conventions are self-perpetuating, as every delegate is elected by the constituency which he represents, but because it is believed that the men who are sent are the truest representatives of organized labor in this country.

It was a conservative group. The Federation of Labor is increasingly conservative. The character of the delegates themselves is changing. While they are practically the same men who ran the Federation a dozen

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and more years ago, the men themselves are different from what they were when they first secured control of the labor movement in this country.

But this very fact has resulted in the development of a radical group in the Federation. The Socialists have increased their strength from year to year, until they now number about one-fourth of the total number of delegates. However, the conservatives were so powerfully organized at the Philadelphia Convention that the Socialists were not given even their usual opportunity to discuss their peculiar doctrines. The "administration" is apparently unalterably opposed to Socialism, not one of the members of the Executive Council being a Socialist.

An attempt was made by the Socialist representative of the Milwaukee Central Labor Union to shut out the fraternal delegates from religious bodies who have been accepted by the Federation for nine years, but on account of the faulty character of the resolution the matter was not even discussed by the Convention. As usual, much time was occupied in the discussion of jurisdictional rights, something like a dozen unions being involved. On account of the specialization of industry, labor unions have been organized for several groups, as in the wood-working industry, for example, each group becoming extremely zealous that the special kind of work allotted to it be done by that group alone. But overlapping has occurred, which has resulted in deep-seated quarrels.

James O'Connell, former President of the International Association of Machinists, and a member of the Commission on Industrial Relations, has for several years been Chairman of the Committee to settle jurisdictional strife. At the Philadelphia Convention Mr. O'Connell suggested that a permanent Board of Conciliation and Mediation be appointed to hear all complaints in jurisdictional matters during the intervals of the conventions, the members of the Board to give their entire time to this work. It was argued that if these matters were taken hold of in their incipiency, much bitterness might be avoided. However, the entire proposal was referred to the Executive Council, with instructions that the questions be threshed out during the coming year and reported upon at the next Convention. The fear was expressed during the discussion that the plan might result in giving the Board too much power, although attention was called to the fact that the Board's tack was simply that of mediation and not arbitration.

Mr. Gompers's salary was increased from $5,000 to $7,500, in spite of his very earnest protest that workingmen throughout the country might object. Several delegates informed him, however, that the Convention was increasing the President's salary, not his, and that he might not be the next President of the Federation. It is quite generally agreed that Mr. Gompers may hold his present position as long as he wishes to do so, in spite of a strong minority in the Convention which believes that the Federation of Labor is becoming a "fossilized" organization, largely through Mr. Gompers's influence.

A severe blow was struck at grafting labor papers which employ blackmailing methods in securing advertisements from merchants and other business men, and hereafter all union labels will be denied such publications. The only time that President Gompers called upon the sergeant-at-arms to put out a delegate unless he sat down was when one enthusiast for the use of the union label insisted upon mentioning the name of another delegate whom he accused of smoking non-union cigars. However, the name of the "guilty" delegate did not reach the ears of the Convention. Mr. Gompers is himself a cigar-maker, and it was in such acts and decisions as the above that he often displayed his sense of fair play.

A spirited debate as to whether it is best to secure a shorter work-day through legislation or through trades union activity occupied an entire evening's session. A committee, of which James Duncan was chairman, reported that while it believed that State legislatures and Congress might pass laws with regard to hours of labor for women and children, under conditions that involve health and morals, and in case of work done for State and municipal governments, it was opposed to these bodies making such laws for all workers, as they were often restrictive in their influence, preventing some workers from obtaining a shorter work-day than the law prescribes. The Convention on a roll call voted to support the committee in its recommendation. This was regarded as one of the most important and far-reaching decisions of the Convention. It threw back upon the trades unions the chief responsibility for securing the shorter work-day.

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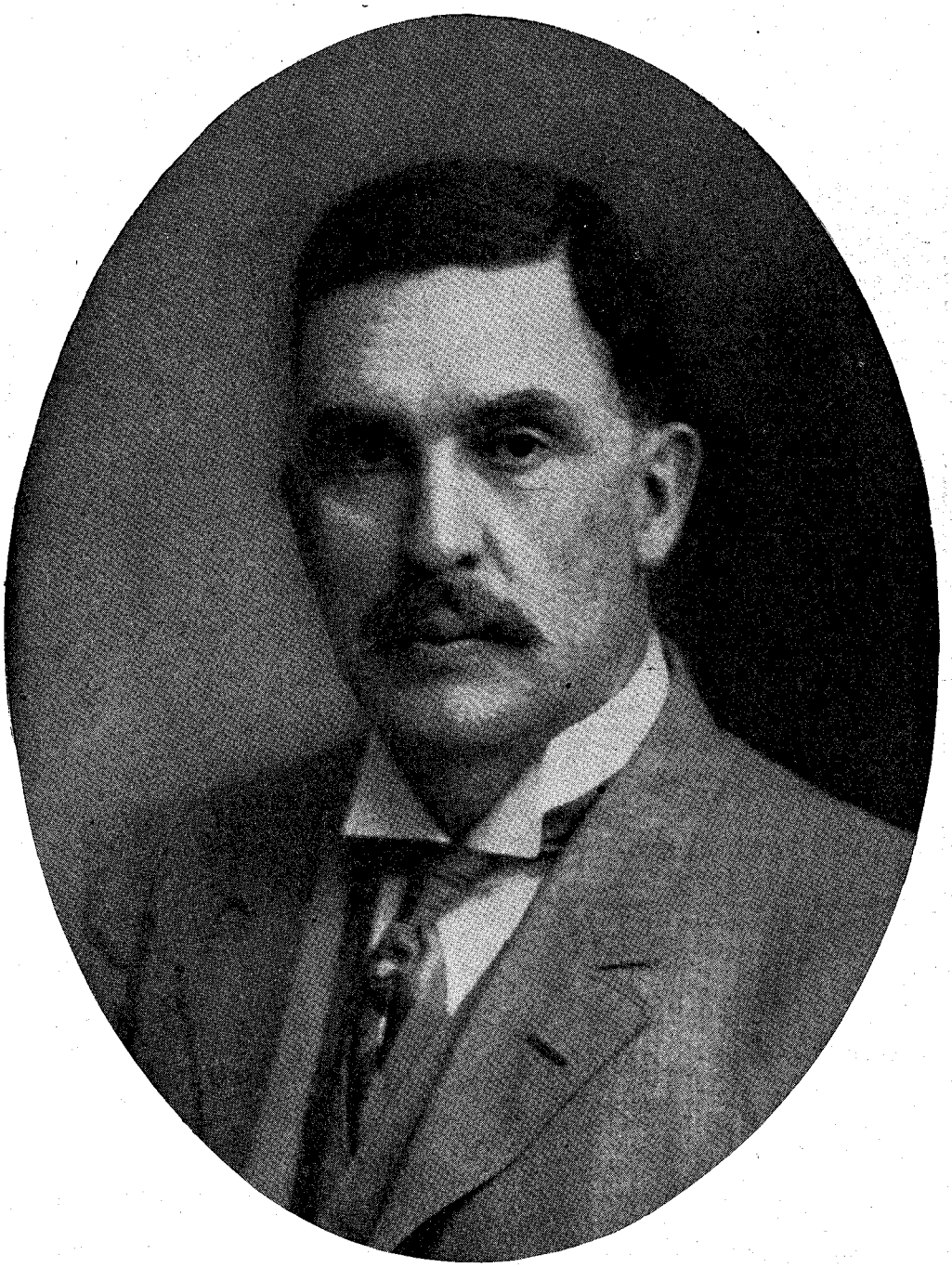
Current Events Pictorially Treated



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNSBERGER

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE, THE NEW WARDEN OF SING SING PRISON

Mr. Osborne is a successful manufacturer of Auburn, New York, of which city he was at one time Mayor; he has also been a member of the Public Service Commission. He is Chairman of the National Committee on Prison Labor, and last fall became an inmate of Auburn Prison to study the conditions of convicts there. He managed an investigation of Sing Sing Prison, and now proposes to devote his time to the reform of that institution. See editorial comment

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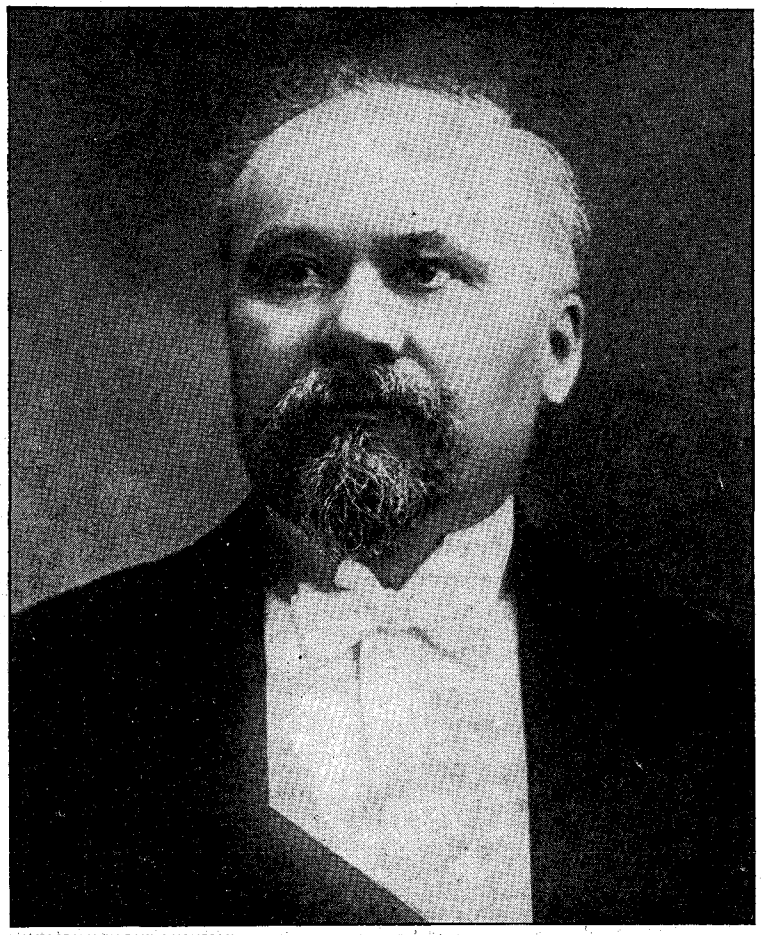
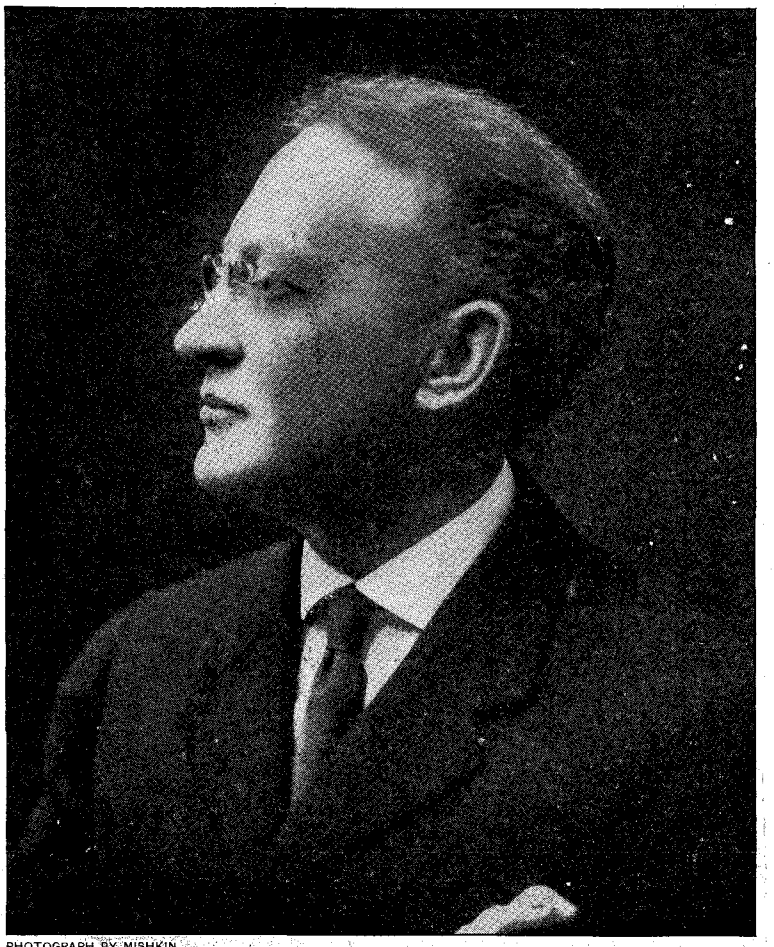


PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ OF FRANCE

At the joint meeting of the American Institute of Arts and Letters and the National Academy of Arts and Letters a letter was read from President Poincaré, a member of the French Academy, by another member who was specially commissioned to bear this message, Monsieur Brieux. An account of this joint meeting appears elsewhere



PHOTOGRAPH BY MISHKIN

ARTHUR WHITING

Composer, pianist, and critic, Mr. Whiting contributed in all these capacities to the sessions of the American Institute of Arts and Letters, of which he is a member; for his "Fantasy" for pianoforte with orchestra was performed, he himself played the pianoforte part, and finally he read a critical essay on "The American Composer." See editorial pages

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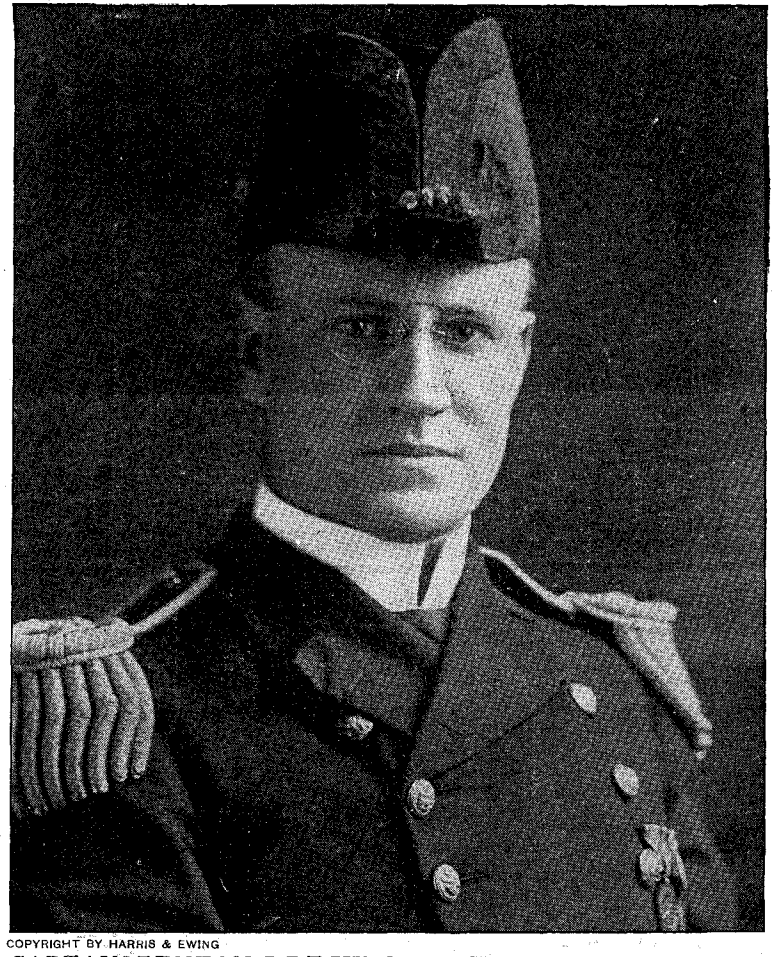
GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT

General Scott, the new Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, succeeding General Wotherspoon in that position, was born in 1853 in Kentucky; graduated from West Point in 1876; served in many Indian campaigns; was Adjutant-General of Cuba, 1898–1903; Governor of the Sulu Archipelago, 1903–6, in which capacity he abolished slavery and the slave trade; Superintendent and Commandant U. S. Military Academy, 1906–10



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CAPTAIN BENTON C. DECKER, OF THE U. S. S. TENNESSEE

When news came that shots from the Turkish forces on the shore at Smyrna were fired at, or across the bows of, a launch from the American cruiser Tennessee, there was uncertainty in this country as to what it meant: but Americans have learned to put their trust in the courage, sense of honor, and discretion of American naval officers, and they awaited with confidence further word from Captain Decker. Editorial comment on this incident appears in this issue

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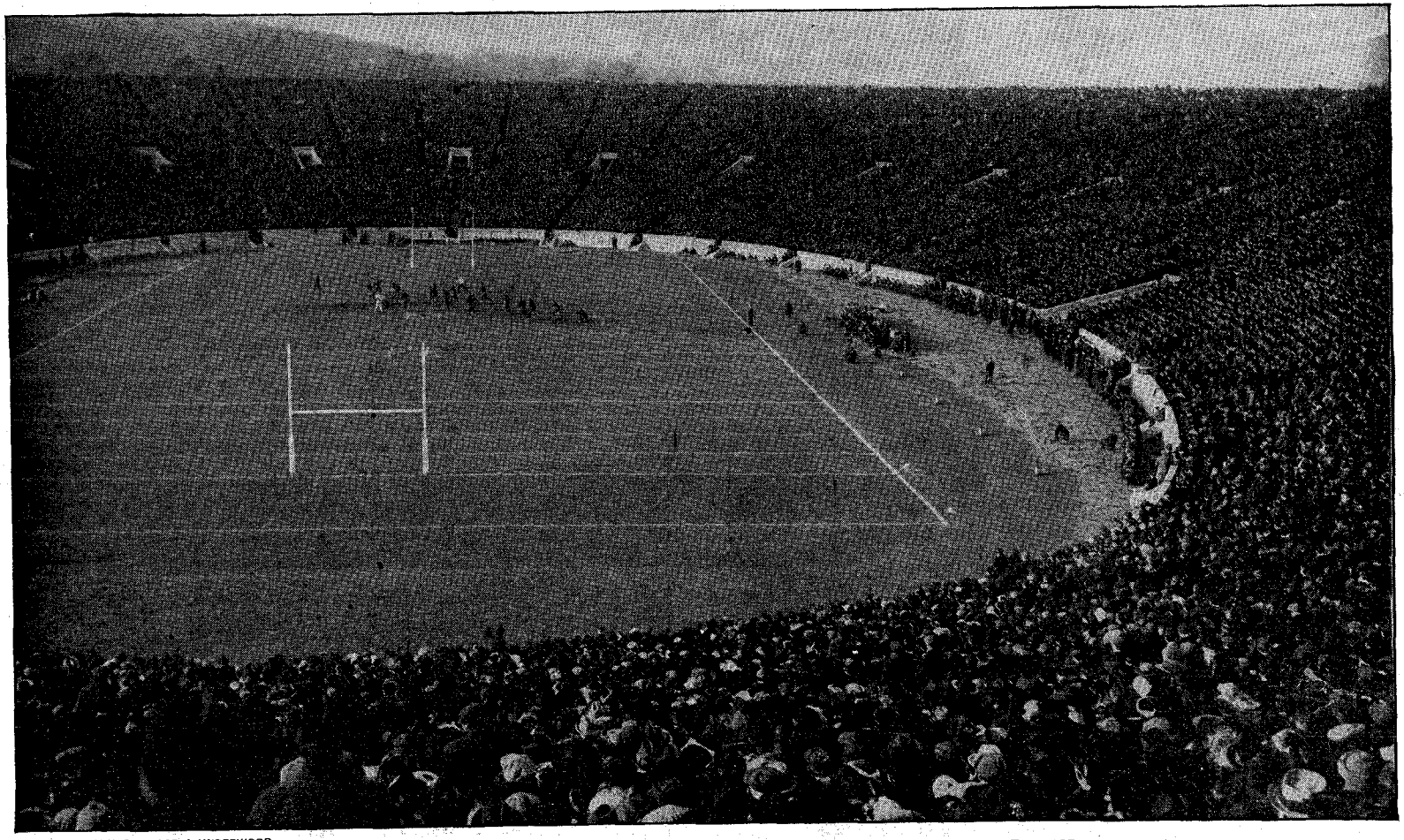

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THE YALE-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAME AT THE YALE BOWL

The new Yale football field at New Haven is known as the Yale Bowl. It is one of the largest amphitheaters in the world, having seats for 70,000 persons. For particulars about its construction and about the game between Yale and Harvard played at its opening, November 21, see editorial pages

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THE BEECHER MEMORIAL BUILDINGS IN BROOKLYN

Connected with Plymouth Church by the arcade shown at the right of the picture, the new educational buildings form a very pleasing architectural group; the large structure at the left is the club-house; the roof of the gymnasium is seen just over the arcade; farther on the building devoted to class-rooms will be erected. The statue of Mr. Beecher, by Gutzon Borglum, is placed near the center of the arcade. See editorial comment

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HOW THE BATTLES OF THE PRESENT DAY ARE FOUGHT

The trench probably occupies a larger place in the fighting that is now going on in Europe than in any previous war. The picture shows the rudimentary form of the trench as hastily built for temporary shelter, in this case by Polish troops in East Prussia; much more elaborate trenches are constructed, roomy enough for a roof for shelter and some attempt at comfort for their occupants. See "The Story of the War" for further details

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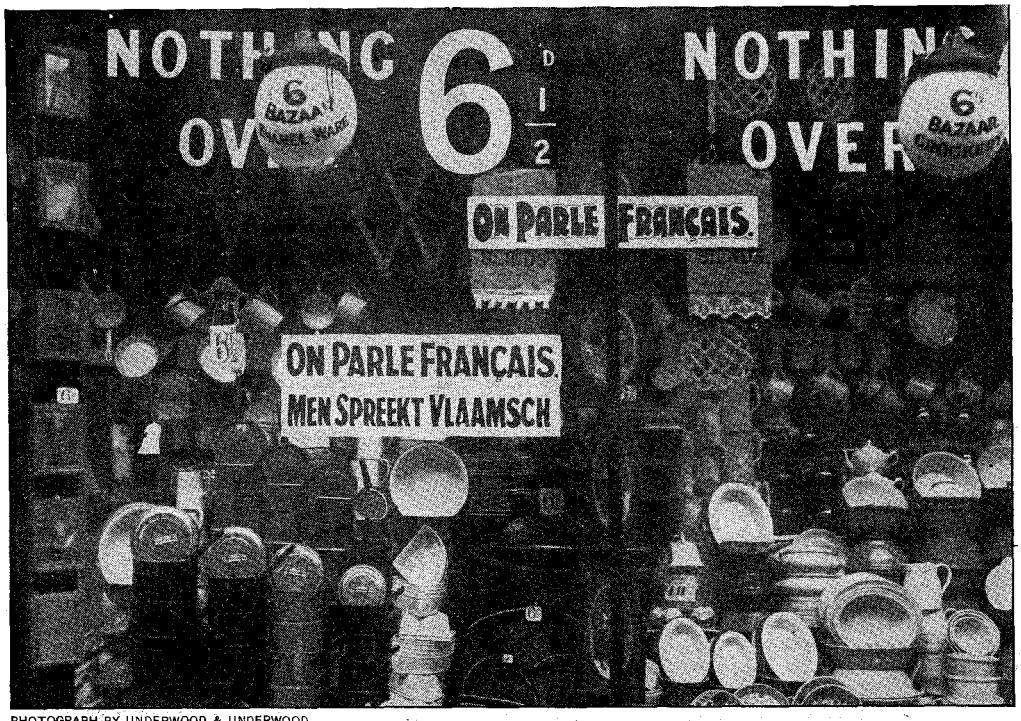

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"FRENCH AND FLEMISH SPOKEN HERE"

The picture, taken in Folkestone, England, shows how the enterprising shopkeepers of that seaside town try to attract the patronage of the great numbers of Belgian refugees who have fled to English shores. "Nothing over sixpence halfpenny" is surely an attractive sign to a poor *émigré;* and if his own language is spoken, who would blame him for parting with a small sum?

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

THE TOWN CRIER HAVING JOINED THE ARMY, HIS WIFE UNDERTAKES HIS DUTIES

The custom of having a town crier to make public announcements has not yet died out in England, as will be seen by the picture, taken in the old town of Chertsey. The official crier having been called to the front, his wife was appointed to fill his place during his absence. It is believed that the heroine of the photograph is the only woman in England who now holds such a position

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE EUROPEAN TRAGEDY

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DRAWN FOR THE OUTLOOK BY W. C. MORRIS

BIDING HIS TIME

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SCANDINAVIA AND THE WAR

BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

IN the shadow of the war cloud that suddenly spread darkness over Europe, Swedes and Norwegians met, last August, on the boundary line to unveil a monument commemorating one hundred years of peace between them. The occasion became a solemn lifting up of the hearts of the two peoples in a pledge to live at peace not only with each other and with Denmark, but, so far as possible, with the whole world. The Scandinavians, once the dreaded warriors of the North, are now practically the only nations in Europe to set their faces resolutely toward peace. They ask nothing but to be left alone to work out their own destinies within their own domain, peopled by homogeneous races. Will they be allowed to do it?

In the international relations of Sweden and Norway the fact which flashes out so that he who runs may read is the Russian menace. While Denmark has other interests and other complications, due to her position between Germany and England, Sweden and Norway are strategically a unit, bound together by the fear of aggression from the east.

Ten years after the Thirty Years' War the entire northern part of the Baltic was a Swedish lake, bordered by the mother country and dependencies. With the beginning of the eighteenth century a young, barbarous giant arose in the east with his face toward the open sea, the goal that has been Russia's ever since. St. Petersburg was built on land taken from the Swedes. The aggressive wars of Charles the Twelfth checked the stride of Russia for a while, but his band of veterans who "thought ten to one an even match" were engulfed in the mere mass of Peter the Great's army, and he left a Sweden impoverished, depopulated, and shorn of her outlying provinces. Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria, Wiborg, and Karelia passed into the hands of the Russians. Less than a century later, in 1809, the whole of Finland, with her wide, luxurious plains and smiling lakes, the province that has given Sweden some of her greatest poets and stanchest warriors, became Russian territory, and the Czar's Government at the time had designs on the liberty of the mother country as well.

The thorough Russification of Finland did not begin until the present century, and it is profoundly significant that it coincided exactly with the close of the war with Japan. Thwarted in the attempt to reach open sea in the east, Russia turned her attention with renewed vigor to the west. Finland is now a country governed by Cossacks. Finnish judges have been thrown into prison for daring to uphold the constitution guaranteed their country by the Czar. Finnish money has built the broad-gauged railway and heavy iron bridges that can carry troops, if need be, directly from Petrograd to Tornea, on the Swedish border. Small wonder that fear of Russia is in the Swedish blood, and that the "Muscovite" is used as a bogey to frighten children.

In Norway the Bear's paw is casting a shadow over Finmarken and Nordland, the fairy-land of the nation, the region that gives Norway her title of the Land of the Midnight Sun. It is asserted by responsible men that the same influences which undermined resistance in Finland a century ago are at work in Finmarken, and that Russian rubles are used, perhaps not in actual bribery, but certainly to create a feeling of solidarity with Russia. Russian traders fasten themselves on the region and are often able to offer better terms than the Norwegian merchants. The large alien population of Lapps and Finns, the distance from the heart of the nation, and the poor means of communication add to the gravity of the situation.

If Russia were to grab any part of this region, there is no reason to believe that she would be content with a single icy harbor dangling at the end of a long railway line. It is more likely that the booty of the Bear might reach even as far south as to Trondhjem, the seat of the cathedral in which the kings of Norway are crowned. In order to hold such a long strip of coast, however, an upland would be desirable, and there is Swedish Norrland, rich in forests and iron ore.

A noted Swede, when visiting the United States, was asked if he thought England and Germany would allow Russia to annex a part of Scandinavia. "We will not allow it ourselves," was the proud answer. Nevertheless, the international position of Sweden is a foregone conclusion. It is the Germans who have held at bay the Slavs and Mongols in the south, as the Swedes have done it in

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the north, down through the centuries. To Germany the Swedes still look as the main bulwark of the Teutonic races, and they are convinced that, if Germany were to be weakened, their own existence would be threatened.

Nor has Germany been blind to the advantages of breaking the ring of her enemies with a friend in the north and of allying with herself so strong a military nation as the Swedes. The precise nature of any overtures from Germany to Sweden is, of course, wrapped in diplomatic secrecy, but there can be little doubt that offers of alliance were made before the war, and that the temper of Sweden has at least been sounded after the outbreak of hostilities. Such advances from a world power might well tempt a small people whose blood still leaps with memories of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth, but to all expansionist dreams the sober common sense of the nation has spoken an emphatic "No," and Sweden stood at the beginning of the war free from all entanglements. Since then the strictest neutrality has been adhered to.

The integrity of Norway is officially guaranteed by the Integrity Treaty of 1907, which England, Germany, France, and Russia have signed for a period of ten years. Among these signatories, England is the one to which Norwegians look as their especial protector against aggression from any other Power. It is true that they, in common with the Danes and Swedes, feel the warmest sympathy and the most intense admiration for the French people and for French culture, but France is too far away to enter into the political calculations of the North. To put trust in Russia would be like setting the wolf to guard the sheepfold. As for Germany, the German Emperor has indeed endeared himself personally by many acts of kindness, such as the succor of the sufferers from fire at Aalesund and his annual gift of money to the Trondhjem Cathedral, not forgotten even this summer, when his visit was cut short by the war. Recently, however, there has been a tendency to look askance at these friendly visits, for in their wake have come German battle-ships, which have entered Norwegian harbors to take measurements there. They have been an unpleasant reminder that the next great naval battle of the world would very likely be fought in Norwegian waters and threaten the neutrality of seacoast towns like Bergen and Christianssand.

England feels it to be a safeguard of her interests that the long western coast of the Scandinavian Peninsula is in the hands of a small and friendly nation like Norway. The question is only whether the real cordiality existing will be strong enough to hold in all temptations, or whether the fires that were fierce enough to weld such opposing elements as England and Russia may not also shrivel the paper of an Integrity Treaty.

Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, in a speech last May, quoted the present Prime Minister, Mr. Gunnar Knudsen, to the effect that Norway in any international complication must look to England for aid. Dr. Ibsen, who is the son of Henrik Ibsen, and is himself an authority on international matters, goes on to say that if Mr. Knudsen's words referred to Russia they voiced an optimism which he could not share. England, he declared, would no doubt be very much averse to the intrenchment of Russia on the coast of Norway, but as the attack would probably be made by land, England would have no means of hindering it except diplomatic protestations, possibly seconded by a naval demonstration in the Baltic. "But there is little likelihood that Russia would attack Scandinavia in times of peace. It is very plausible, however, that an assault might be made under cover of the general confusion that would accompany a war between the European Powers. Moreover, in the event that war should break out, we must reckon with the possibility that England and Russia would stand together as allies. That England should raise any protest against Russian occupation of Scandinavian territory would then be out of the question, and if the group of Powers to which they both belong should win, Russia would certainly be allowed to keep her booty, however much England might regret it in her heart."

Denmark, on the other hand, is in no danger from Russia. Encroaching Germans have pushed the Danes back from the lands south of the Baltic which they once held—in the thirteenth century, under Valdemar the Victorious—almost as far east as the site of Petrograd. In modern times they have been confined to the peninsula of Jutland and the adjacent islands, and fifty years ago Germany seized by force of arms Schleswig-Holstein, forming the base of the peninsula. In Schleswig, which the Danes still call South Jutland, the work of Germanizing has been carried on ruthlessly. It is forbidden to sing Danish patriotic songs, to

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display Danish colors, and to hold meetings in the Danish language. Recently difficulties have been placed in the way of Danish-speaking citizens' owning land or engaging servants. Geographical names have been given a German twist. At the outbreak of the war the customary restrictions were sharpened; Danish newspapers were suppressed and the editors put into jail at the very moment when thousands of their kinsmen were fighting loyally in the German army.

The seizure of Schleswig-Holstein has enabled Germany to build the Kiel Canal, affording a quick passage from the Baltic to the North Sea without the necessity of navigating the difficult sound between Denmark and Sweden. The strategic importance of Denmark to Germany is hereby lessened, since the little kingdom no longer holds the only key to the Baltic.

To England, however, the day may come when her squadron must enter the Baltic, and there is no way except through the sounds, which the Danes have blocked by submarine mines. Only a narrow passage in the Öresund is left free, and the Danish Government provides pilots free of charge to all merchant vessels. To provide a battle-ship with a pilot would, of course, be a violation of neutrality, and the action of Denmark is therefore a virtual, though not a formal, prohibition. According to private advices, lacking official confirmation, it was the result of an ultimatum from Germany which gave Denmark the choice between laying mines in her waters or having the Germans lay them. Denmark chose to do it herself.

As yet there has been no protest from England and no indication that she wishes to make the passage. To comply with a demand for a pilot would be to court attack from Germany. At the beginning of the war Denmark declared her intention to defend her neutrality, if need be, by force. All over the world Danes and those who have fallen under the spell of Denmark's peculiarly intimate charm, who have explored her quaint cities and learned to know her fine old culture and her gentle, kindly people, are thankful for every hour that passes without putting her brave resolution to the test of blood and iron. Should the test come, Copenhagen is one of the most strongly fortified seaports in Europe and is guarded by a large force.

The divergent interests of the three countries explain why the ideal of pan-Scandinavianism, though it has become a spiritual force, has not borne fruit in political action. Denmark and Norway, as a result of four centuries of union terminating in 1814, are more alike in language and culture than either is to Sweden. Norway looks with repugnance upon the idea of fraternizing with the oppressor of Denmark, while Denmark dislikes Sweden's friendship with Germany. Sweden resented Norway's violent severance of the union in 1905; the Swedes, so proud of their own honorable history, have not been able to understand that the action of Norway was not dictated by enmity, but was the inevitable bursting of the seed of national life planted more than a thousand years ago by Harold the Fair-haired. This wound, however, has healed with marvelous rapidity. The magnanimity of the Swedes has not been able to resist the persistent, almost eager friendliness of the Norwegians. When the Riksdag of Sweden and the Storthing of Norway simultaneously passed a resolution, soon after the outbreak of the war, that under no circumstances would the two countries bear arms against each other, we who were in Scandinavia at the time felt it as almost a physical relief. There was no demonstration, no lyrical outburst, only a deep, almost silent thankfulness.

In all three countries the conviction has gained ground that neutrality is no easy loophole out of difficulties, but that it may involve heavy sacrifices. The campaign for military preparedness has been most vigorous in Sweden, where the Asiatic explorer Sven Hedin issued his first passionate "Word of Warning" in 1912. Since then he has carried on a ceaseless agitation, trying to rouse his countrymen with his flaming oratory to see the danger from the east and prepare for the coming struggle. Others have taken up the call, and last February the movement culminated in that remarkable demonstration known as the "Yeomen's March." Thirty thousand landowners from all parts of Sweden met in Stockholm and marched under their old provincial banners to the royal castle to meet the King face to face and offer him their worldly goods in defense of the fatherland. Seventy thousand additional names were signed to the address that was handed the King. One group of citizens after another—scientists, artists, and business men—hastened to offer their support More than three thousand university students, their white-capped, singing crowds "like the onward rush of spring floods," went

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to the King to assure him of their willingness to meet the demands of a lengthened military service. It was a time of visitation such as may not come to a people once in centuries. It has shown tangible results in the action of the Riksdag, which recently appropriated money for adding eight battle-ships to the navy, for extending the time of compulsory military service to one year with especial regard to the winter training of the soldiers, and in other ways strengthening the defenses of the country. The example of Sweden will probably be followed in Norway.

The measures required by the present conditions have for a time blocked all social reform legislation. The Danish Rigsdag, which had been called together expressly to ratify a long-contested constitutional amendment extending the suffrage for men and giving it to women, adjourned without taking action. The Swedish Government refused to consider a petition for woman suffrage on the grounds that it was formed for the special purpose of organizing the military defenses and could not act on matters of social reform. On the other hand, the exigencies of war time have greatly extended government regulation of industry. It has been necessary to fix maximum prices, to forbid the exportation of foodstuffs, to organize work for the unemployed, and in some cases to seize the means of production—all measures, the Socialists claim, which may pave the way for state monopolies.

The dislocation of business has not been so great as was at first feared. The cessation of the flow of capital from France has been a severe blow to many of the young industries, and manufacturers have had to strain every resource in order to keep their plants going, but such products as paper, wood pulp, canned goods, and iron are needed even in war time, and there is no reason to fear that the demand will fail. Shipping and commerce have been turned from their usual channels, but the way to America is still open, and though the supply of food from Germany and Russia is stopped, ship follows ship across the Atlantic bearing the products of Western grain-fields.

Denmark, Norway, and Sweden are working out their problems of readjustment in an isolation that is not only material but intellectual. If they are but left unmolested, their splendid industrial and social development will not be permanently checked, though it may be hampered for a time. If the prophets are true who claim that the end of the war will see the re-establishment of more and smaller states, then a stronger and more self-reliant Scandinavia will be ready to take her place among the nations of the world.

FREEDOM OF PRESS VS. FREEDOM OF PULPIT

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY GUY EMERY SHIPLER

*The author is a Protestant Episcopal clergyman of Cincinnati, Ohio. The names in the article are fictitious, but for the truth of the facts the author vouches.—*THE EDITORS.

ONCE I was a newspaper man; now I am a clergyman.

Why the impossible jump? Let me tell you.

It wasn't so many years ago that I began my career as a reporter. I had believed that any man who wanted to be of real service to his generation, using what talents he possessed, had better line up with the modern newspaper. Experience proved that I was mistaken.

Newspaper owners will sing to you long on the high theme of "the splendid freedom of the press." But let Mr. Advertising Man, from Rushabout & Co., appear in the sanctum door and growl, "Nope. That story don't go," and you'll hear the managing editor bawling into the city room: "Kill that Rushabout story!"—and the owner goes on singing his charming ballad of the press's freedom!

Before the new régime came on the paper

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with which I was connected, there was little attempt to defy the dictation of the department store to our city room. Every paper in the city slipped easily along on the same basis. For many of us who loved a good story the restraint meant irritation, and a not infrequent outburst of a Socialistic nature against the system to which our paper was a slave. Such flagrant abuse, however, was saved for the afternoon, when we sat around in a group smoking and waiting for the last edition to come up from the presses. Meanwhile the public, which we were somehow supposed to serve, went on paying its money for the news, much of which never filtered through to its unsuspecting mind.

One day there came to the city desk from our police headquarters man a story to the effect that a woman had been seriously hurt in an elevator in one of the department stores. She was a prospective mother, and her hurt was irreparable. Not a line appeared in our paper; not a line in any other in the city. Some months later both the woman and her husband, who had taken the case into court, were awarded damages on separate judgments running into thousands of dollars. Our reporters, with representatives from every other paper, "covered" the story in court. It became the talk of the town among newspaper men. Not a word concerning the case, however, was ever seen in the columns of the gloriously free press of the city. The advertising manager of that store had said "No"—and the puppet press had eaten out of his hand, because certain stockholders of the city papers ate freely from that department store treasury, and didn't care to have their meals curtailed.

Then the paper on which I was working changed ownership. Great things were to result for the good of mankind in general, and of that city in particular. The new owners were men of ideals. Every other paper in the city was subsidized, but we were to print the truth and shame the devil—so we said in our opening editorial. Along with the new régime came Parr, a managing editor with a personality that gave off sparks, and with convictions in the realm of the ideal that were as unbending as a steel rail.

On the day after his arrival he called the staff together for a meeting. Sitting on the edge of the chair and pounding his knee, while his eyes flashed, he said:

"This town needs a newspaper with a backbone. Every sheet in this city, including the one on which you have the honor to work, has been edited by the advertisers of this town until truth has been starved to the verge of death, so far as the press is concerned. Let me say to you, and let me drive it into your brains, that from this time on this paper will print the truth without fear or favor, and at whatever cost. No department store in this city can dictate the policy of this office. We are going to print the truth."

When the door banged behind the managing editor we sat still in our chairs.

"Hum," mused the city editor, and walked back to the desk.

The next morning, when we came down to the office, there glared out at us from twenty places on the clipping-pasted wall, in scare-head type, the word "Truth." It was to be burned into the consciousness of every reporter.

Such was the ideal.

For some months we did print the truth. From week to week in that next half-year the copy of many an advertiser disappeared from our pages. We had printed more than one story that had "broken" in a department store, that no other paper in the city carried, and that never would have appeared in our columns in the old days. But the counting-room was paying heavily for our ideal, and the faces of the new owners began to show lines. They talked it over with Parr. He refused to give way; he would continue to print the news without favor to special interests.

One afternoon just at this time, when the tension was making itself felt through the whole plant, I dropped into Parr's office to find him shouting into a telephone while he beat the air with his free hand in a characteristic way: "I'm sorry, sir, but that story will be printed in our last edition. It's on the press now. You may be able to swing the other newspapers in this town into line, but you can't gag this sheet."

He slammed the receiver up, and, jumping out of his chair, began to pace up and down the room. Turning suddenly to me, his eyes blazing disgust and defiance, he said:

"One of Bloomington's girls dead. Overcome by the heat. Taking stock every night for three weeks in this kind of weather! Curry told Gates there wasn't any story there—Gates standing over her dead body! No story? Good God in heaven, they work those little girls until they drop dead—and then tell us the public has no right to know!

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But they'll know this, if it's the last story I ever print in this paper. I've just told Curry so; told him to pull out his advertising—pull out anything, but the story goes—it goes."

I shook hands with Parr and went back to the city room. The boy had just come up with the last edition. There was the story on the front page—a quiet enough little story; just one of the endless tragedies of an industrial system gone mad—but it was there. And I somehow felt it would be the last of the kind for many a long day. Such truth couldn't last much longer in those pages.

A few days later there dropped in to see Parr the advertising man from one of the big clothing firms. We had carried their copy for years—a full page three times a week.

Now it happened that the head of this firm was also the chairman of the Board of Trustees of the City Hospital. We had known for a long time that conditions out there at the hospital were not what they ought to be. Parr had contemplated a study of the place, and an exposé for the benefit of the city whose citizens owned the hospital.

"Mr. Parr," began the advertising man, "I want to ask you not to use that City Hospital story. I've seen the other papers, and they've all agreed to keep it quiet. It might be misunderstood."

Our police reporter had turned in the story, which seemed harmless enough on the surface, and yet it might have been "misunderstood," as the advertising man had intimated.

That morning a railway man, who had been taken to the hospital for some minor injury, and who had been sitting on a balcony off the convalescent ward, sunning himself, the last time any one who would talk had seen him, was reported dead. There were details of the story that pointed to a need of investigation. The reporter had felt convinced that the man had died as the result of criminal carelessness on the part of an attendant.

Parr stated these facts to the representative of the chairman of the board, adding:

"It strikes me, sir, that that story concerning a public institution is a story that the public has a right to know. When we sell a newspaper, we are supposed to sell all the news, and the readers of this paper pay their money for it, believing that they get the news. You are going to tell me that if I print that story your chief will withdraw his advertising. My sense of ethical distinction may be clouded, but I can see no difference between your threat and your placing in my hands, if you should see fit to do so, $5,000, with the understanding that the story wouldn't be printed. If one is blackmail, so is the other."

"You are undoubtedly right, Mr. Parr," replied the emissary of the merchant prince, "but my salary depends on keeping that story out of the papers."

Parr went downstairs to see the Chief—a newspaper owner who had started a reform movement in the rottenness of the city's newspaper conditions, and whose nerve had flattened out along with the treasury.

"I've got a City Hospital story upstairs, Mr. Black. Bloomenstine's man has just been in to tell me that it mustn't go—with the usual threat attached."

The Chief was watching the picture of his wife that occupied the central place on his desk. Turning to Parr, and noting the peculiar set to the managing editor's jaw—a characteristic that the Chief had grown to dislike in the last few weeks—he demanded, softly:

"Well?"

"I'm going to print the story," said Parr.

The Chief watched the picture for a long time—so I was told. Then he began as follows:

"Now, Mr. Parr, I think I understand your feeling in this matter. We've worked together on this thing long enough to know each other. No man wants to print a clean paper more than I do. I've wanted to, right from the day we took hold of this thing, and I still want to. But I tell you that I have come to the conclusion that no man, and no group of men, can print that kind of a paper in this town without going into bankruptcy. We've printed that kind of a paper for a year. You know the result. Look at our advertising pages. You know the list of business that's gone out of our columns. We've absolutely got to have the money. Bloomenstine's contract is one of the biggest we carry. I've almost prayed that no story would break there that they wanted suppressed. There's only one way out—we can't print it."

More conversation followed in that interview, most of it, however, from Parr. He repeated it to me in detail, but I cannot repeat it here.

I've always had a real sympathy for the Chief. I knew how many other men had gone down with their ideals under the pressure of that cultured town's finely worked out

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system of news suppression. But I've always wished he had had more red in his blood.

We didn't print the story.

A few days later there happened one of those strange coincidences that often take place in a newspaper sanctum.

There tottered into Parr's office a little bent woman dressed in black.

"I would have been proud to have her for a mother," said Parr, in telling me about it soon after. "She came in here because, she said, she didn't know where else to go. She told me that she had buried her husband the day before. He had been a railway man. He had been taken to the City Hospital, where he was getting well. Suddenly word came that he was dead. When he was brought home, she noticed a fresh wound on his face, and began to worry about it. She has four children, expects another, and hasn't a cent in the world. And they say the public has no right to know! Well, I'm sorry we didn't print the story. But I'm through."

This happened the week before I left for the theological seminary. At the end of the month Parr said good-by to the paper. I I think he must have smiled bitterly as he looked up for the last time at those legends on the walls of the city room proclaiming in bold type: "Truth!"

Every paper in the city had suppressed the story—even the one that in the "old families" was quite on a par in sacredness with the Bible. I have often entertained myself by musing on the question of what some of the nice old ladies of those nice old families in that center of culture would have said if they could have seen the blank form printed in the office of their nice old newspaper—a form for the use of the city editors of the town. It read as follows:

"We, the undersigned city editors of ——, hereby agree not to print the —— story."

There were spaces for the names of each editor. So far as I know, those forms are still in use.

"The public gets what it wants!" Splendid saying!

The rank and file of newspaper men—the men who actually produce the papers—are men not only of brains and ideals, but of nerve fiber that measures a high standard of moral courage. But the newspaper owners of America as a class have shown about as low an acreage of courage as could well be produced in any one profession. So it seems to me, rash as it sounds.

If the qualities of courage and idealism have begun to be strengthened among this class in the last few years, as they very possibly have, that result has been due largely to the relentless and growing demand of the public, pertinently voiced here and there by a fearless and militant magazine, for a press free in actuality instead of in name.

While it is undoubtedly true that there have always been men in the pulpit who could be bought for money—though that buying, under the "old dispensation," was usually quite unconscious, I fancy, on their part—and while it has been equally true that there have always been newspaper owners who could not be bought for money, yet I believe that the generalizations I have made will stand.

To-day it is a truism to say that we are speaking in different ethical categories from those in vogue ten years ago. To-day the men in the pulpit who can be bought scarcely exist, though there are still a few remarkable examples. While not so much can be said for the newspaper owners, the standards are steadily rising under the new enlightenment.

It was hard for me to break away from the old life. It was harder still for the men I had worked with through many a fire and murder story to comprehend the queer twist of my mind that would lead me so far off the path of real existence. For to the regular run of reporters a clergyman is a person who might quite as effectually live on Mars as on the earth, so far as any contact with the world is concerned.

I remember the last few minutes of my last day in the city room. I remember standing by the door shaking hands one by one with the fellows. They couldn't understand —not at all. A reporter leaving the ranks to become a minister! To them it was a reversal of values, perversion, infamy. A reporter leaving life to be lost for three years in the cloister of a theological seminary—it was very sad.

I looked back into the old city room, with its chaos of disorder, so different from any place in the world outside of a newspaper office. I glanced up at the bell from which many an alarm had started me off into a cold winter's morning to cover a fire when as yet the sleep was scarcely rubbed from my eyes. The dusty, wrecked typewriters under the low-hanging paper shades of the electric globes set me smiling. We had

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cursed the business office roundly for the slave-driving economy eloquent in their moaning keys.

I ran into Parr in the hall.

"Let me tell you something," he said, reaching out his hand. "You'll have a hard time getting this stuff, bad as it is, out of your system. You'll find the soul-saving business pretty tame in comparison. Well, if you ever want to come back, there's a job waiting for you wherever I'm hanging out. Best telegraph man I ever had was an ex-preacher. Good luck."

A few days later I was in a world that most assuredly was different. Inside the seminary walls I was as out of touch with the world I had known as I might have been had that world sunk into oblivion. It was like taking your hand from the pulse of life and touching something dead. Think of it —a reporter playing the theologue!

It seemed to me that I had left the seat of the spectator and become a pantomime actor in a dream play. I examined the folds of the dignified academic gown I was forced to wear at lectures and chapel, and speculated on the utility of such a scholastic garb for a reporter covering a fire.

But my reportorial preconception of theological seminaries was to get a jolt.

In the lecture-room I discovered very human and many red-blooded professors, alive to life in its every form. My respect grew. I found that they were dealing fearlessly in lectures with those problems of existence that had so fascinated me in college. I found that they were trying to give an answer to that problem which, after all, lies at the root of human existence—elements of which enter into the majority of a reporter's stories—the bared human soul face to face with destiny.

The anæmic theological professor of the reporter's brain had no existence in fact—at least in this seminary. Some of the professors could hammer the wind out of a punching-bag in the gym or out of an over-chesty theologue with astonishing facility.

For some years I had been recording the actions of human beings. I discovered that these men in the seminary knew infinitely more of the "why" that lay underneath such actions than the ordinary reporter knew. They were daily putting the universal soul of humanity under the microscope.

I had gone there half sharing the belief of my fellow-reporters that theology was a science—though I never would have called it a science—that had remained untouched by the progressive thinking of the last century. From time to time we had printed a telegraph story with a "scare-head" announcing to a gullible public that "Professor Smith, Such and Such a University, says the whale didn't swallow Jonah."

I had supposed that such a lack of literal belief on the part of any one was looked upon by seminary professors and their followers in the Church as heresy of the first water. I had supposed that the "news value" of such a story came from its uniqueness. That particular professor must be a bright-red radical, feared and hated by all "orthodox" sisters and brothers. Even in its endless repetition from time to time it always seemed to me a jolting piece of news. What, then, was my surprise to discover that its news value came from the ignorance of newspaper men and the public!

I remember reading in one of the popular magazines a series of articles called "Blasting at the Rock of Ages." The author had set out to prove, with masterful *naïveté*, that the higher criticism of the Bible was a thing known only to the universities; that in the theological seminaries it was walked around with soft shoes and mentioned with elevated eyes. By quoting skillfully selected fragments from the Bible lectures of leading thinkers in the universities of America the author made out a startlingly plausible case for the title of his series. When one had read it, one felt that the Bible truly had been blasted into splinters; that theological seminaries were reeking with the smell of the Middle Ages. I personally got to feeling very sorry for theological students, pitiable young gentlemen of delicate nerve structure who were being carefully shielded from the black monster known as higher criticism. I began to think that religion, anyway, was a gigantic, superstitious fraud, unloaded on the poor public by theological spellbinders, whose "game" was now, however, being thoroughly exposed and dissipated under the brilliant sun of the modern age.

Like the rest of the public infected by that series of magazine and newspaper stories, I developed many mental maladjustments. Of course I found at the seminary that the higher criticism was not only familiar to the professors and students—in itself a surprise

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to my warped mind—but also that it had long been the actual method of study in vogue, the very fabric of the daily work. Instead of being shielded from this beast "that walketh in darkness," we were made to read every radical critic we could lay our hands on from cover to cover. It didn't fit in with my conception of "fear for one's faith"!

I saw that higher criticism was not a madness of destruction, but a modern method of constructive Bible study, as microscopic in its carefulness, as fearless in the pursuit of truth, as the method of any biological laboratory in the land. I came to know that men had given their life-blood to this fight against ignorance and superstition—to know that they had proved the fallacy of "verbal inspiration," the fetish of a day now past—but had shown the Bible to be truly the Book of books.

My childish fancies were going the way of dreams. Here, indeed, were men and women who lived, sang, fought and danced, went to bed at night and got up in the morning, ate breakfast and dinner, argued on women's rights—actually did human things like other human beings!—and they were in the Bible!

When, in the midst of this volcanic upheaval of my understanding of holy writ, flamed forth the realization that wit and humor cavorted over many a sacred page, my last old-fogy notion played Humpty Dumpty. All the nice old grannies and all the undeviating boosters of John Calvin and Cotton Mather haven't been able to patch it up again.

I had been in the same shaky boat with many a man whose twisted ideas concerning the Bible had come into being through the kindly but somewhat inadequate and perverted instruction of Sunday-school teachers of a past day.

To discover that poetry ran rampant in the veins of the Biblical writers; that their Oriental souls were charged with the brilliant color of the East, and that the color poured out into their words as freely, resistlessly, as water plunges down from the mountains; to know that the writer of the story of creation in Genesis was not attempting a work of science, but writing a resplendent symphony on the theme that the universe didn't just happen, but was created by an intelligent God—this was to get at grips with things. I grasped the fact that thousands upon thousands of exceedingly serious persons had failed to get the first real glimmer of truth from the Bible because their mechanically literal and poetically barren minds had stood dumb before this splendid imagery of the East.

Also there came to me the pride of a fellow-craftsman in high company when I saw that men like Paul and Mark were as clever reporters as any who ever graced a city room of the twentieth-century newspaper.

The Bible was a new book. Its pages burned and glowed with that human interest which is the joy of every reporter.

Some seminaries are dead. I had supposed that they were all in that class. But in mine I discovered that the grave-clothes were on another fellow, and was glad to shed them at my earliest convenience.

I began to sense a distinction in quality between freedom in the press and freedom in the Church.

But when I got into the active ministry I discovered the commercial interests still busy in the realm of attempted blackmail under highly refined methods of procedure. Well-meaning but nervous friends have remonstrated with me after some of my sermons. Their advice has reminded me of the comment from the old family butler, of whom A. C. Benson tells, on the son of the family who had gone to preach in an English colliery village.

"Mr. Frank 'as got 'imself into sad trouble by preaching against drunkenness," said the butler. "Now 'e should 'ave stuck to the doctrine, sir. That would 'ave done no 'arm."

Sometimes I have seen wrath written over the faces of certain commercial gentlemen in the pews who have an inherent love of "doctrine."

In many of my sermons I have attempted to show that religion is not only an individual but also a social thing. I have emphasized the gospel of the brotherhood of man. I have condemned the spirit of exclusiveness that would make the church a club. I have maintained that "the church does not exist as a ticket office on the road to heaven." It is the business of the church, I have said, to make the life of the city in which it exists a better life, and to make the men and women of the city better men and women, sinking selfishness in the common welfare. It is also the business of the church to do its part in

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protecting the children and other helpless members of society against exploitation at the hands of churchmen, as well as against exploitation by those who are not churchmen.

Thousands of other clergymen to-day are saying the same things. Perhaps their teachings are not always "doctrine," and perhaps they are not always pleasant to the ears of all men in the pews; but these new voices represent the strenuous application of the searching ethics of Jesus to an industrial age. They mark a restatement of the teachings of Christianity that is shaking the man in the pew, whose ethical outlook and practice may be cloudy, into an unhappy realization that his religion is becoming a really serious matter. The department-store owner who "grinds the faces of the poor" during the week by paying starvation wages to his shop-girls, and who, in the old days, walked solemnly to his pew in benign dignity, while other members of the congregation noted his arrival with awed approval, no longer finds the same pleasure in church attendance. He doubtless prefers a round of golf of a Sunday morning. He will tell you, if you give ear, that the church isn't what it used to be; the clergymen of to-day can't preach; the gift of eloquence has departed; all you hear in the pulpit is politics and Socialism; they don't preach the good old Gospel any more—the comforting kind!

Poor church! What a tragic end is upon it! you muse.

Upon closer investigation, however, you may discover the real reason—a very personal reason—why this brand of former church pillar has developed a predilection for Sunday morning golf. You may find that the awe which once attended his entrance into his pew has been replaced by an atmosphere of disapproval in the major part of the congregation. If you listen to the sermon, you may discover further reasons for his discomfort in church. Quite possibly the preacher is making some concrete applications of Christian ethics to the conduct of business to-morrow, and the next day, and the day after. As an illustration of the truth he is trying to impart, and in order that his hearers may not think he is talking pleasant generalizations, he may condemn under-pay of shop-girls. Or he may mention an infringement, which has occurred during the past week, of the shorter hours for women law.

Possibly the department-store owner in the pew may be hit fairly hard by the second illustration as well as by the first. He twists about in his pew to show his disapproval of such a departure from "doctrinal" preaching. He goes out after the service grumbling to his wife that the pulpit has lost its message.

"We not only get that kind of agitation from soap-box talkers on the street," said a business man to me a few weeks ago, "but we get it rammed down our throats from our own pulpits."

Naturally golf is much more enjoyable as a pastime.

Once, in preaching before a congregation in which were many prominent business men of the city, I read a list of local mercantile establishments which had been fined heavily during the previous week for flagrant violations of the State law governing age limits and hours of labor for women. The majority of the firms were well known to the congregation. I had a suspicion that some of the stockholders of at least one of the corporations mentioned were seated in front of me.

During the following week I was called three different kinds of Socialist, a gang politician, and an Anarchist. Whatever other appellations were extended failed to reach my ears.

Calling names and playing golf are two weapons for the church member whose business methods are crooked. The other weapon is that of withdrawing his financial support from the church—adopting, in short, the method employed toward the newspaper which treads on his toes. Many people outside the church feel that here must lie its vulnerable point, as with the newspaper.

As a matter of fact, such seeming vulnerability is rapidly becoming more improbable owing to the change of view-point on the part of leading business men who have listened to the message of the modern pulpit. They have discovered that their religion must be taken into their business. The type of church business man I have described above is giving place to a finer type who is as anxious as any clergyman to see that his employees get a square deal.

How the old type is handled by the church of to-day where it attempts to muzzle the pulpit, as it still ruthlessly muzzles the press, is explained by the following example:

A few months ago a clergyman friend of mine located in a thriving Middle Western

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town preached a sermon on conditions among wage-earners. During the discourse he quoted a paragraph dealing with economic conditions from a recent book by a theological professor of National reputation. That week the clergyman received the resignation of the entire vestry of his parish, because, they said, the paragraph he had quoted was "Socialistic"!

The members of the vestry were all either officers or heads of departments in the local mills.

The following Sunday these men and the members of their families were not in their pews. As the parish is small, their absence was conspicuous. In the meantime it was noised abroad in the town that these men had pronounced the doom of the clergyman. They would "starve him out."

On the next Sunday the empty pews began to fill up with wage-earners from the mills. The congregation grew so rapidly that in a few weeks it was larger than it had ever been before in the history of the church.

A few weeks after the preaching of the "Socialistic" sermon the Convocation of the district in which the parish is located voted unanimously to pay the salary of the offending clergyman should the necessity arise.

During the interim the disgruntled vestry appealed to the bishop of the diocese. He replied to them in the following words:

"Clergymen of this Church are empowered to preach the truth of God as they see it, and no man or men can tie their tongues. The clergyman is not hired to preach what a vestry likes to hear. And, as an American citizen, he has the right of free speech."

Doubtless the former members of the vestry find golf more pleasurable than church attendance!

On one occasion in my ministry, at least, the difference in the quality of the freedom of the press and the freedom of the pulpit was strikingly illustrated as follows:

I preached a sermon on conditions of labor among women. Giving a schedule of wages paid to women in the various branches of the city's industry, I included a list showing the amazingly low wage for shop-girls in the local department stores. I maintained, what the figures proved, that a girl could not live honestly on such a wage, and that the men who were responsible for those wages, and the resultant evil, were morally breakers of the seventh commandment.

A reporter of a local paper telephoned me, asking for the manuscript of the sermon I had preached that morning.

"I shall be glad to send it," I replied, "but it won't do you any good."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because your paper won't use it," I said.

I explained the content of the sermon. The reporter was certain that he knew his paper better than I, and was sure that I was mistaken, for I had never worked on a local paper. I must remember that I was no longer in the East.

So I sent the sermon along.

When I opened the paper Monday morning, not a line of the discourse revealed itself.

A few days later came a note from the reporter inclosing a page from the country edition of the Monday paper. A full column of the sermon met my eyes, with the following heading:

SCARLET SISTERHOOD IS SOCIETY'S FAULT
GIRLS DRIVEN TO EVIL

CLERGYMAN CRITICISES WAGE CONDITIONS IN THIS CITY, SAYING WOMEN CANNOT LIVE ON PRESENT SCALE

In the reporter's letter I read:

"The joke is on me. I thought my paper had more nerve than it apparently possesses. Your sermon was used in the country edition, but pulled out of the city edition. After my conversation with you I was anxious to know why it happened. I asked the city editor if he would mind telling me. He said that the publication of such a story in the city edition would cost the paper several thousand dollars in advertising from the department stores, and cost him his job, so they used it in the edition that wouldn't be seen by the stores."

The reporter was a bright young chap, but of limited experience in newspaper ethics. He was learning.

I had spoken freely in the pulpit what every one who was unprejudiced would admit to be the truth. The newspaper hadn't dared to print the same words, though they were credited to a man in no way connected with the paper. The statements were only such as are emphasized by every social worker of the day. The difficulty from the standpoint of the paper, however, lay in the fact that I had made the statements concrete by

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telling unpleasant facts about those corporations whose money was the very foundation upon which that paper, like every other in the city, was reared.

I am positive that if I were to preach the same sermon to-morrow, either here in this thriving Middle Western city or in the Eastern center of culture where I formerly worked at the reporter's desk, not a paper would dare to print it.

The experiences which I have related convince me that in the public discussion of questions of social evils and social injustice the freedom of the American pulpit to-day is greater than that of the American press.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA[1]

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

CHARACTERS: *A Blind Man. A Cripple. An Insomniac. A Consumptive. A Man with an Open Wound. A Leper. Elmodam. The Prophet.*

SCENE: *The five porches of the Pool of Bethesda. In the left foreground, a section of the pool; at the right and back, the porches. These are crowded with the halt, the sick, and the blind, some attended by servants, but all huddled moaning on the pavement in various postures of misery or anticipation.*

The time is just before dawn.

Over the roof of the porches the stars shine bright in a purple sky.

A BLIND MAN:
(*In a low, clear voice.*)
What is the hour? Is it dawn?

A CRIPPLE:
(*Laughing derisively.*)
The stars are clear. He asks, Is it dawn?

THE BLIND MAN:
Ah, deride me! I am blind.

THE CRIPPLE:
(*With brutal fierceness.*)
You get no pity from me. Take the pain that twists my back these twenty years and I'll take your damned blind eyes.

THE BLIND MAN:
(*Wailing.*)
Oh, fool! I would bear upon my shoulders the pain of all the world could I but see the light again.

THE INSOMNIAC:
And I, could I but sleep.

THE CONSUMPTIVE:
And I, could I but draw a free breath.
(*He falls into a paroxysm of coughing.*)

THE CRIPPLE:
Stop it, fool!

THE MAN WITH THE OPEN WOUND:
Beat him!
(*The* CONSUMPTIVE *is struck with fists and staves.*)

THE CONSUMPTIVE:
(*Panting.*)
Pity! Pity on me!

THE CRIPPLE:
(*With his raucous laugh.*)
Pity! Pity on whom? You get no pity here.

ELMODAM:
(*In rags, in the foreground, right.*)
Come. There is room at my side.

THE CONSUMPTIVE:
(*Sinking down.*)
Thanks! Thanks, brother!

THE BLIND MAN:
Help me, some one! Point my feet toward the pool.

THE INSOMNIAC:
(*Softly, to his neighbor.*)
Point him the other way. There'll be one less to get on our path when the Angel comes to trouble the waters.

THE BLIND MAN:
(*Rising to his feet.*)
Curse you, I heard! Curse you, whoever you are! God curse you till the last son of your stem shake his moldy bones to ashes in the face of the wind!

[1] Copyright, 1914, by Hermann Hagedorn, Fairfield, Connecticut, as Prelude to a three-act play entitled "Greater Works Than These." All rights, including those of translation, public reading, and public performance, reserved by the author.

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THE INSOMNIAC:

(*Leaping on him.*)

Swallow your curse! Turn it on yourself, doddering old blind man!

THE BLIND MAN.

(*Sputtering in his grip.*)

Curse you!

ELMODAM:

Peace! Or the Angel will go by.

THE INSOMNIAC:

(*Loosening his hold.*)

Yes.

THE BLIND MAN:

The Angel!

THE CRIPPLE:

(*Cynically through the sudden hush.*)

Fight! Kill! Why not? Does not Jehovah do the same?

ELMODAM:

(*Softly, as though to himself.*)

Blasphemy! Blasphemy!

(*From the left enters a man, groping and stumbling. He is a* LEPER.)

LEPER:

(*Exhausted.*)

Brothers, is this the pool?

THE CRIPPLE:

It is a hole with water in it. But there are other pools in this world.

LEPER:

(*Clutching him.*)

No mockery! I have come over waste and sea and mountain-peak, from beyond the palaces of Alexandria and the gardens of Heliopolis. I have come as the wounded lion comes; the jackals followed my bloody trail.

(*In a hushed voice.*)

Is this the pool by the sheep-market where at dawn once in the year the Angel comes, bearing—healing?

(*He cries the word.*)

Healing to him who first steps into the pool after the troubling of the waters?

(*Fiercely.*)

Is this—Bethesda?

THE CRIPPLE:

(*Craftily.*)

No. Bethesda is beyond the gate. Go swift, sick man.

ELMODAM:

(*Raising his head slowly.*)

He lies. Bethesda is here.

THE LEPER:

(*Falling on his knees and kissing the ground.*)

Lord of my woe, Lord of my bitter journey, Lord of my journey's happy end, I thank thee!

THE CRIPPLE:

(*Terrified, drawing his neighbor's attention to the* LEPER.)

Look!

(*Other sick men draw close and begin to murmur.*)

LOW CRIES:

His neck! His hands! What is your ailment? Why are you here?

THE LEPER:

(*Rising to his feet.*)

Why do you crowd so close?

THE CRIPPLE:

(*Drawing away from him with a cry.*)

Unclean!

CRIES:

Unclean! Leper! Leper! Stone him!

(*The* LEPER *is driven toward the left, then back toward the right.*)

ELMODAM:

Here, brother! I have room!

THE LEPER:

(*Sinking down behind him.*)

Thanks! Thanks!

ELMODAM:

(*To the others.*)

Stand back!

(*They subside.*)

THE MAN WITH THE OPEN WOUND:

(*To a young man standing beside him.*)

Neri, slave, draw me closer to the pool.

(*There are murmurs of opposition.*)

Closer, closer; the Angel must heal my open wound.

A VOICE:

Back!

ANOTHER:

No favor to the rich man!

A THIRD:

No favor to the man with slaves!

THE CRIPPLE:

We are all equal in the sight of God. Therefore the rich man has a slave and I have none.

THE INSOMNIAC:

(*Suddenly*).

Day!

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VOICES:
(*Through the commotion.*)
Where? No! Who cried, Day?

A VOICE:
The stars pale!

ANOTHER:
The east grows light!

A THIRD:
Over the roofs, look!

A FOURTH:
(*Ecstatically.*)
Dawn!

A FIFTH:
A shaft!

A SIXTH:
A golden shaft!

A SEVENTH:
A golden shaft of the sun!

AN EIGHTH:
Another!

FIRST VOICE:
Another!

THE SECOND:
Another!

ALL:
Day!

ELMODAM:
(*Through the hush that follows the cry.*)
It is the hour for the Angel!

A VOICE:
The Angel!

ANOTHER:
The Angel!

A THIRD:
The Angel comes!

A FOURTH:
Make room!

A FIFTH:
Curse you, make room yourself!

A SIXTH:
The pool!

A SEVENTH:
Make room!

AN EIGHTH:
Room, room!

(*There is a wild scuffle and stampede for places on the edge of the pool. Men fall hither and thither, fighting and cursing.* ELMODAM *tries to draw himself toward the water, but sinks back exhausted.*)

ELMODAM:
(*Piteously.*)
Help me, some one! I cannot move! Leper, where are you? Help!

(*His cry is greeted with rough laughter and jeers.*)

THE CRIPPLE:
Fool, have you just found out that the battle is to the strong?

ELMODAM:
(*With lifted face.*)
Lord, Lord, have mercy on thy servant!

(*The purple of the east is brightening over the roofs of the porches. At the back appears the* PROPHET, *young and tall. He comes forward slowly. Only* ELMODAM *sees him. The others, intent on the pool, have their backs turned toward him, and do not pay any attention to him.*)

THE PROPHET:
Brother, wherefore art thou troubled?

ELMODAM:
(*Looking up, startled.*)
Who are you?
(*Pause. Then faintly.*)
Master!
(*Trying to lift his hands, which will not obey him.*)
Master!

THE PROPHET:
(*Stretching out his hands, as he looks down into* ELMODAM'S *eyes.*)
Speak, brother!

ELMODAM:
(*Breathlessly.*)
Master! Eight-and-thirty years I have been in this case. My hands and my feet, my arms and my legs, they have no power, Master!

THE PROPHET:
(*Slowly.*)
Wouldst thou be made whole?

ELMODAM:
Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool. But while I am coming, another steppeth down before me.

THE PROPHET:
(*Slowly and clearly.*)
Rise. Take up thy bed, and walk.

(ELMODAM *stares, gasps, gives a shudder. He stretches his arms slowly, tentatively, lost in wonder at their obedience to his*

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will. Then slowly he rises to his feet, till he stands, a man of full stature, before the Prophet.)

ELMODAM:

Master!

THE PROPHET:

(*Turning to go.*)

Come.

ELMODAM:

Master!

THE PROPHET:

(*Turning to him.*)

Be not amazed. Only believe. And greater works than these shalt thou do. Come. My friends shall give thee to eat.

(ELMODAM *follows the* PROPHET *with rapt glance. They go out.*)

THE BLIND MAN:

Is it day?

THE LEPER:

Where is the Angel? Why does the Angel not come?

THE CRIPPLE:

Did I not say that God is a merciless God?

(*Wailing and lifted hands.*)

THE NEW BOOKS

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

As Chairman of the Children's Literature Committee of the Federation for Child Study, Mrs. Gruenberg has had the opportunity to examine carefully about fourteen hundred children's books during the past three years, in co-operation with a number of careful readers.

The titles given herewith are picked from a longer list prepared by the Committee, entitled "A Selected List of Recent Books for Children." A new and revised edition of this booklet has been issued, and may be obtained by sending twenty cents to the Secretary of the Federation, 219 West One Hundredth Street, New York.—THE EDITORS.

IN going over the more recent books of the various publishers, one is impressed by the fact that the best are in nearly all cases new editions of old favorites. The publishers seem to vie with one another in bringing out the most attractive "Robinson Crusoe," or "Alice," or "Andersen's Fairy Tales." And they have succeeded remarkably well in producing a well-made book, with good print and artistic illustrations and attractive appearance, at a very low price. At this point the making of books has become almost standardized, and the choice is coming to be confined to the degree of elaborateness or refinement of finish for which one is willing to pay. Beautiful pictures for children's books are furnished by such artists as Rackham, Robinson, Dulac, and Wyeth; and they delight the adults as well as the children. A very good series of reprints of older and more modern books for children is furnished in Dutton's "Tales for Children from Many Lands" series, at fifty cents. Good editions of "Alice in Wonderland" with the original Tenniel illustrations are published by Macmillan and by Putnam.

There is an improvement noticeable in the quality of picture books for young children. This is of course a by-product of our technological advance, and a very encouraging one when we consider the influence of the pictures on the tastes and characters of the children. There should be no further excuse for placing before the wondering and absorbing eyes of youth the atrocities called "pictures" that have been so common in the past.

Of the books that the older children consume in such large quantities, the standardization seems to be toward a certain monotony of plot and development, so that one is tempted to look forward to the invention of a machine for making these stories. There are two things to be said in favor of these books: they impart a certain amount of information, and they are harmless. But,

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utilizing the boy's interest in adventure and travel and the girl's interest in romance, they get themselves read without the help of any external encouragement; the only use we can make of them is to get the young people to acquire through them the reading habit. But for those who already have the reading habit we are very glad to add this year a few books which are just as interesting and informational as those that are so "popular," and which are at the same time of a decidedly higher type, from the point of view both of literary quality and of mental content. Of books intended primarily for girls we have found none equal in excellence to those written for boys; but fortunately girls will read "boys' books," although boys will not read "girls' books."

Books dealing with nature and science are improving in quality, and a number of new ones in this class have been added. The growing interest in vocational problems is reflected in a large number of books about the every-day work of the world; of these, some have decided merit.

The historical books available for young people have come to be of unusual importance this year if we undertake to utilize the children's interest in the European war. This situation was of course not anticipated by the publishers, but it will have its influence for some time to come. It is particularly important that the historical books we place in the hands of children shall be of high grade morally and intellectually.

As I pointed out in my article on children's books last year (see The Outlook, December 13, 1913, page 803), the first consideration in the selection of books for a child should be the kind of child that is to use the books. Beyond that, there are varying degrees of merit for every kind of book, and in the following list the best of the recent books in each group are given.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BIOGRAPHICAL

The Boy's Life of General Sheridan. By Warren Lee Goss. Crowell. $1.50.
A story based on real history. 12–15.

Historic Adventures. By Rupert S. Holland. Jacobs. $1.50.
Interesting, instructive tales from American history up to the immediate past. 10–14.

In Kentucky with General Boone. By John T. McIntyre. Penn. 75c.
Interesting, connected story of the experiences of pioneer settlers. Good literary style. 12–14.

When They Were Children. By Amy Steedman. Stokes. $1.50.
Stories of famous men and women. Very good. 12–16.

HISTORICAL

An Island Story. By H. E. Marshall. Stokes. $2.50.
An interestingly written history of England, covering the periods from the coming of the Romans until 1902. Large volume, containing many authentic maps and illustrations. 12–16.

The Child's Book of American History. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Little. 75c.
Excellent of its kind. Simple and pleasing. 8–12.

A History of France. By H. E. Marshall. Doran. $2.50.
An interestingly written account, covering the period from 390 B.C. until the establishment of the Third Republic. Large volume containing many authentic maps and illustrations. 12–16.

A History of Germany. By H. E. Marshall. Doran. $2.50.
An interestingly written account dealing with events covering the periods from 58 B.C. until 1883. Large volume containing many authentic maps and illustrations. 12–16.

HISTORICAL.—*Continued*

The Man with the Iron Hand. By John Carl Parish. Houghton. $1.25.
An imaginative, romantic tale of the white invasion of the Mississippi Valley from the point of view of the Indian inhabitants. 12–16.

Brown of Moukden. By Herbert Strang. Putnam. $1.50.
An interesting story of the campaign around Moukden in the Russo-Japanese War, showing Chinese, Japanese, and Russian customs. 12–15.

TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

Dutch Days. By Mary Emery Hall. Moffat. $1.
Full descriptions of the country. A disguised guidebook. 10–14.

A History of Discovery. By M. B. Synge. Putnam. $2.50.
Deals with the history of the world's discoveries from the earliest times until the finding of the South Pole. Large volume containing many authentic illustrations and maps. 12–16.

The Boy with the U. S. Indians. By Francis Holt Wheeler. Lothrop. $1.50.
Awakening sympathy for and interest in the American Indian, giving much information about their religion, family life, language, and customs. A valuable addition to a boy's library. 12–15.

A Boy in Eirinn. By Padraic Colum. Dutton. $1.
Story of an Irish boy in Ireland. Written with imagination and introducing much Irish folk-lore. 10–14.

When I was a Boy in Greece. By George Demetrios. Lothrop. 75c.
A graphic account of the country and its customs, telling of recent events, and of the home and school life of a native boy, by the boy himself. 8–14.

Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. Jacobs. $1.
Excellent, generally attractive edition.

NOTE.—The figures after the comment on each book indicate approximately the age for which the book is suitable. In the references to publishers of books, "Bobbs-Merrill" stands for the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis; "Century," for the Century Co., New York; "Crowell," for the T. Y. Crowell Co., New York; "Doran," for the George H. Doran Co., New York; "Doubleday," for Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; "Duffield," for Duffield & Co., New York; "Dutton," for E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; "Hodder," for Hodder & Stoughton, New York; "Holt," for Henry Holt & Co., New York; "Houghton," for Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston; "Jacobs," for the G. W. Jacobs Co., Philadelphia; "Lippincott," for the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia; "Little," for Little, Brown & Co., Boston; "Longmans," for Longmans, Green & Co., New York; "Lothrop," for Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, Boston; "Macmillan," for the Macmillan Co., New York; "McClurg," for A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; "Moffat," for Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; "Munn," for Munn & Co., New York; "Penn," for the Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia; "Rand," for Rand, McNally & Co., New York; "Scribner," for Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; "Stokes," for the F. A. Stokes Co., New York; "Warne," for Frederick Warne & Co., New York.

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TALES OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.—*Continued*

The Voyage of the Hoppergrass. By Edmund Lester Pearson. Macmillan. $1.35.
An interesting and unusually well written tale of a river trip taken by several boys and an old sea captain. 10-14.

Kidnapped. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Scribner. $2.25.
Large, handsome edition, beautifully illustrated by N. G. Wyeth. 10-14.

VERSE

The Big Book of Nursery Rhymes. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. Dutton. $2.50.
Excellent collection; beautiful volume. 4-8.

Blossoms from a Japanese Garden. By Mary Fenollosa. Stokes. $1.50.
Verses depicting child life and thought in Japan. Beautifully and characteristically illustrated in color by Japanese artists. 6-10.

Peter Pan's A B C. By Flora White. Hodder. $1.
Text indifferent. Full-page illustrations in color have high artistic merit, and convey the genuine fairy quality that the story calls for. 8-12.

Mother Goose. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Century. $3.50.
Handsome edition with extraordinarily beautiful, imaginative illustrations in color and black-and-white by this well-known artist. Nursery.

The Nursery Rhyme Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. Warne. $1.35.
Strong, well-bound edition; illustrations full of charm and humor. Nursery.

A Child's Book of Old Verse. Selected and illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. Duffield. $2.50.
A good selection in a large, handsome edition, with illustrations in color and in black-and-white. 8-12.

The Children's Poets. Edited by Mary MacLeod. Stokes. 45c. each. Longfellow, Scott, Tennyson, Wordsworth.
Small, attractive edition, with illustrations in color. 10-14.

FAIRY AND FOLK TALES, LEGENDS, ETC.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott, based on a translation by Edward William Lane. Holt. $1.50.
Handsome edition with colored illustrations. Several of the stories would probably be new to most children. 10-14.

Fairy Tales from Arabian Nights. Edited by E. Dixon. Putnam. $2.50.
Very handsome edition; beautifully illustrated in black-and-white. 10-14.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Holt. $3.50.
Very elaborate, handsomely illustrated edition. 8-12.

Celtic Fairy Tales.
Indian Fairy Tales. Edited by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam. $1.25 each.

Chinese Fairy Tales. Edited by Adele Fields. Putnam. $1.25.
Excellent collection of old tales. 10-14.

The Strange Story Book. By Mrs. Andrew Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans. $1.60.
Miscellaneous collection of folk-lore and fairy tales, with the attractiveness of all the Lang collections. 10-14.

The Hungarian Fairy Book. By Mandor Pogany. Stokes. $1.35.
Imaginative, well told, conveying the spirit of the race. Beautifully illustrated by Willy Pogany. 8-12.

The White Duckling, and Other Stories. Translated from the Russian by Nathan Haskell Dole. Crowell. $1.
New issue of the Russian Fairy Tales. Interesting and dramatic. Based on the primitive myths, and breathing the racial spirit in its harshness and crudity. 8-12.

Pinocchio Under the Sea. Translated by Carolyn M. Della-Chiesa. Edited by John W. Davis. Macmillan. $1.25.
More adventures of the ever-delightful Pinocchio. Humorous illustrations. 8-12.

The Happy Prince, and Other Stories. By Oscar Wilde. Putnam. $3.75.
Elaborate edition; beautifully illustrated by Charles Robinson; poetic fairy tales. 10-14.

The Kingdom of Why. By Stuart B. Stone. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25.
Humorous tale of a girl's adventure in the land of her imagination in quest of the wise man to answer her eternal "Why?" Appropriately illustrated by Peter Newell. 10-14.

Our Island Saints. By Amy Steedman. Putnam. $2.50.
Legends of the Christian Saints told with fine simplicity, loftiness, and charm. Handsome edition, beautifully illustrated by M. D. Spooner. 10-14.

THE WORLD OF WORK

World at Work Series:
Coal Mine.
Cotton Mill.
Woolen Mill.
Shipyard.
Iron Works.
Leather Works. By Arthur O. Cooke. Hodder. 35c. each.
Small, attractive books, well illustrated in color. Text clear, simple, and interesting. 8-12.

The Young Farmer. By George B. Hill. Penn. $1.
A wholesome tale of a boy who has it in him to "make good." Pleasant humor and plenty of action. 12-16.

The Story of Wool. By Sara Ware Besant. Penn. 75c.
A story with a plot, taking the reader through all the steps of the woolen industry, from the range to the mill. 10-14.

With the Men Who Do Things. By A. Russell Bond. Munn. $1.50.
Reliable, interesting account of some of the important processes and achievements in modern engineering that will appeal to most boys; by an associate editor of "The Scientific American." 13-16.

The Boy with the U. S. Fisheries. By Francis Holt Wheeler. Lothrop. $1.50.
Facts about the fisheries interestingly presented. 12-15.

Uncle Sam, Wonder Worker. By William Atherton Dupoy. Stokes. $1.25.
About the work of the various departments of the Government, such as the Forestry Department, the Biological and Geological Surveys, etc., containing much scientific information, interestingly told. Over 14.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

Beside the Brook. By Arthur O. Cooke. Hodder. 35c.
An attractive little book about the brook and the animals that live in and beside it. 8-12.

Birds by the Waters.
Birds in the Trees. By W. Foster. Hodder. 35c. each.
Attractive little volumes; well illustrated in colors. 8-12.

The Book of Baby Beasts.
The Book of Baby Birds. By Florence E. Dugdale. Hodder. $2.50 each.
Instructive, graphic descriptions. Artistic, delicate illustrations. May be read to very young children. 8-12.

Nature's Wonder Lore. By Mary Earle Hardy. Rand. 40c.
Simple nature talks in story form. 8-12.

The Feet of the Furtive.
Hoof and Claw. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Macmillan. $1.35 each.
Well-written, interesting animal stories; the author is known for his intimate understanding of the animals. Over 14.

Folks of the Woods. By Lucius Croker Pardee. Doubleday. $2.
For nature and animal loving children. Enough fancy to cover the imparting of information. Good language. 10-14.

Playbooks of Science Series. By V. E. Johnson. Doran. 90c. each.
Chemistry and Chemical Magic.
Electricity and Electrical Magic.
Mechanics and Some of Its Mysteries.
Flying and Some of Its Mysteries.
Reliable, useful information entertainingly presented through experiments and "tricks;" most of the apparatus can be made by the children themselves. Will appeal especially to boys. 12-16.

Will o' the Wasps. By Margaret Warner Morley. McClurg. $1.25.
Instructive stories of the life of wasps and hornets, delightfully told. 8-12.

VARIOUS STORIES

The Adventures of Akbar. By Flora Annie Steele. Stokes. $1.35.
Story of the childhood of one of the wisest and greatest of the Mogul emperors. 1542 to 1605. Gives the Oriental atmosphere in all its richness and quaintness.

Good Stories for Great Holidays. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. Houghton. $2.
A good collection of stories in connection with the great American holidays—May Day, Labor Day, Lincoln's Birthday, etc. 8-12.

The Story of Chanticleer. Adapted by Florence Yates Hann. Stokes. $1.50.
A simplified prose version in story form of Edmond Rostand's play. Great charm; profusely and beautifully illustrated. 8-12.

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VARIOUS STORIES.—*Continued*

Beatrice of Denewood. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. Century. $1.25.
Sequel to "The Lucky Sixpence." Mingling of a little history with much romance. 10–14.

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Helen S. White. Crowell. $1.50.
Handsome edition of this delightful German classic. 10–14.

Moni, the Goat Boy. By Johanna Spyri. Translated by Helen S. White. Crowell. 50c.
An attractive edition of this well-known story of a Swiss boy. 10–14.

VARIOUS STORIES.—*Continued*

Round the Yule Log. By P. C. Asbjornsen. Lippincott. $1.50.
Charming tales of primitive Norse life, conveying the genius and temper of the Norwegian peasant. 10–14.

Stories from Wagner. By J. Walter McSpadden. Crowell. $1.50.
A new edition of this popular book. Of interest to adults as well as to children. Over 14.

The Wind in the Willows. By Kenneth Grahame. Scribner. $2.
Charming stories by the author of "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days."

Child Went Forth (A). By Yoi Pawlowska. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

Una Mary, the Inner Life of a Child. By Una Hunt. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

It seems as impossible for the mature mind to refrain from tampering with the memories of childhood as it is to tell our fantastic dreams without a logical adjustment. Lewis Carroll was the great master of illogical fancies, and one feels that now another writer has appeared who possesses the other rare gift sought for and denied to so many. A Hungarian lady writes in "A Child Went Forth" with absolute simplicity and truth of the little child Anna, and our response is instantaneous. All the reticence, the curiosity, the innocent daring and premeditated naughtiness of a normal little girl are here. Anna was by no means a good child. She actually made disobedient plans out of her own head, and her father's warning that she would have to be sent to England to school, though terrifying, was often forgotten. The village among the vineyards of Hungary, the servants, the peasants and small tradesmen, the doctor, the pastor, and, most of all, the young father and mother of little Anna, are all living people. Picturesque, amusing, touching, and true are these evidently autobiographical recollections, and we welcome the perfection and beauty of the picture.

Una Mary was brought up in surroundings very different from the Hungarian home of Anna. That may in part account for the contrast between the two books. The success of this story of "the inner life of a child" pales before the luminous truth of "A Child Went Forth," and we have but one more addition to the long list of books about childhood thoroughly permeated by the influence of later thought and experiences. There are many lovely and true incidents told well, but the simplicity of real, uncontaminated child thought is lacking.

May Iverson's Career. By Elizabeth Jordan. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.25.

May Iverson, graduated from the convent school, enters upon a journalistic career, and before she is twenty-one achieves a noticeable eminence. Lively accounts of her "stories" and how she got them, entertaining glimpses of editorial rooms and the torture chamber of dramatic rehearsals, and narrow escapes from flying bullets in a Southern feud district certainly form a striking contrast to the placid days when May was under the guidance of Sister Irmingarde. Again our attention is called to the economically independent woman.

Selina. By George Madden Martin. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.30.

Emmy Lou, under another name and with added youthful years, appears as a girl of the '80's. In the discriminating phrase of the author, she is "helpless more than heroic, and groping more than grasping." Selina, stirred by a vague yet strong feeling that the social conditions of her little world in a Southern town are not all they should be, gropes—poor, pretty child. She has happened upon the years when doubt of the Victorian ideals is appearing and the vigorous modern ideals for womanhood have not yet materialized. In curious English, full of such expressions as "right now" and "stop by," the simple annals of home and town life are written, and a vivid, real impression of character is made upon our minds.

From Dublin to Chicago. By George A. Birmingham. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

Even if the title of this engaging volume did not imply as much, and even though it had been published anonymously, the nationality of the writer is unmistakable. No Englishman or Scotchman could have done it, and with both hands outstretched we welcome the Irishman. Canon Hannay (nearly every one now knows that "Birmingham" is a pen-name) may have made a very short stay in America, but he knew us and liked us, and, being Irish, told us so with a fascinating touch of extravagance. He liked our newspaper reporters, he found New York a clean city (!), he endured patiently our centrally heated houses, and he went everywhere with his eyes open and his heart sympathetic. For pure amusement some of these chapters offer unequaled attractions. Of course, as he modestly reminds his readers, he may be mistaken, and he is, in some of his conclusions. His discourses upon Pullman sleeping cars, gardens, bath-rooms, and modern luxuries are inimitable. His trip from Dublin to Chicago was to him a great pleasure, and we have to thank him for allowing us to share that pleasure.

California: Romantic and Beautiful. By George Wharton James. The Page Company, Boston. $3.50.

Every one who has seen Mr. James's book on the Grand Canyon of Arizona will recognize his fitness to prepare this elaborate and exceedingly

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attractive work on California. The author includes in the scope of this book not only the physical features of California, but the history of its early days, the story of the old missions and the Indians, and the "California influence upon prophets, poets, art, and architecture," with special chapters intended for the aid of tourists, sportsmen, health-seekers, and automobilists. This list of subjects might be extended very greatly without including all of the topics treated. We find of particular interest the talks about California flowers, about the deserts and forests of California, and about the architecture of the Pacific Coast. Needless to say, there are scores of reproduced photographs and half a dozen or more pictures in color.

Among the Canadian Alps. By Lawrence J. Burpee. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

That the Canadian Alps, as Mr. Burpee calls the Canadian Rocky Mountains, contain some of the most beautiful and wildest mountain and lake scenery in the world is beyond question. Many of the finest of these natural beauties are shown in this volume through excellent photographs and through four unusually pleasing illustrations in color. Altogether, the book is attractive in appearance and in its text it is valuable as a straightforward statement of facts relating to the region, together with some narratives of adventure and mountain-climbing. For the most part it is to be regarded as a book of information.

Washington: The Man of Action. By Frederick Trevor Hill. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

Mr. Hill is a clear writer of narrative; in this book he recounts the story of Washington's life in a simple way for young readers. He has evidently consulted original sources and has eliminated a great deal of the popular myths which from the earliest day became associated with Washington's name. The publishers have made this simple and rather brief narrative into a holiday book; and, despite the fact that it is meant for boys, one feels inclined to resent the big and heavy volume, the elaborate page decoration, and the colored pictures which are so primitive in their method as to verge unintentionally on caricature.

Origin and Meaning of the Old Testament. By Theodore Wehle. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. $1.

An excellent monograph of two hundred pages giving in clear and comprehensive form an interpretation of the history of Israel from its earliest days to the close of the Old Testament canon as that history is understood by the modern school of Biblical critics. It will be of use to Bible students who wish to read results, not processes. "The evolutionary view of history," says Henry James, "when it denies the vital importance of individual initiative, is, then, an utterly vague and unscientific conception." Mr. Wehle does not deny that importance, but he gives to it far too little recognition, though it must be said that in this respect he follows a very considerable school of modern Biblical critics.

Footnotes to Life. By Frank Crane, D.D. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.

An optimist, Dr. Frank Crane's philosophy has been conveyed to the public in small doses through the daily press for years. The disconnected paragraphs made into a book show the general trend of the writer's thought, and make for kindliness and all brotherliness, and are addressed to "the people who love thought and play with philosophy, and speculate about God and souls and the secret springs of the apparent fully as much as do the elect."

Colonial Mansions of Maryland and Delaware. By J. M. Hammond. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

A book of elegance in form, illustration, and subject. The author loves old mansions and has patiently "collected" them for years. The historic names of Maryland and Delaware star these pages, family trees are recalled, old romances revived, and by the help of very beautiful photographs we see once more our colonial days. It is to be hoped that one of the author's aims may be realized—his desire to suggest to modern house architects the rich treasures to be found in these shrines of yesterday.

Highways and Byways in Lincolnshire. By W. F. Rawnsley. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

As the successive volumes in the "Highways and Byways" series appear it becomes evident that, taken together, they are providing a valuable as well as readable survey of a large part of England. Mr. Rawnsley describes, with possibly a little excessive detail, Lincolnshire towns, villages, roads, and landmarks, always with an eye to the picturesque, legendary, and historic. The illustration consists of drawings by Mr. F. L. Griggs, agreeable and grateful to the eye overworried by looking at "half-tones."

Social Life in Old New England. By M. C. Crawford. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

With the detailed care that characterized former books upon the romance and social doings of early New England, the author of this pleasant volume traces the ordinary succession of home, school, college, and community life as led by those sturdy, sensible folk of whom it is the modern fashion to speak with amused condescension. It is no more than natural that we, of an age devoted inveterately to amusement, should hold fast to our principles and pity the more strenuous and serious age. However, we must admit that the sterner stuff has proved itself more durable for foundation work. Copious and apt quotations, supplemented by many beautiful pictures, added to the experienced pen of the writer, make an interesting popular addition to National history.

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THE READER'S VIEW

BERLIN AFTER THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

In the early seventies I was a student at the University of Berlin, and saw the beginning of United Germany and the commencement of the worship of the military caste which has grown so greatly during the last forty years. There was at that time, in Berlin at least, ample indication that "mere man" had already been placed upon a pedestal and reverenced by the women of all ranks. One of the first proofs of this that is impressed upon my memory was the following: My parents and myself were boarding in the home of the widow of a German major. My mother, removing her slippers, requested my father to get her boots from the bedroom, and was about to put them on in the sitting-room, where the family were assembled, when my father insisted upon doing her this service, and, kneeling down, proceeded to button them. The Frau Majorin could not conceal her astonishment and humiliation that a man should so far forget his dignity as to kneel on the floor and perform such a menial service for a woman. This was typical. In walking on the streets, it was not customary then, if it is now, for every one to turn to the right in passing another on the sidewalk, as is the rule in America, but one dodged in and out, seeking the line of least resistance. While *sometimes* two men—civilians—walking together, would fail to make way for an approaching woman, usually the greatest courtesy was extended; but I have often seen two *officers* compel a lady to step off the sidewalk, or look at her in astonishment if she stopped, expecting the approaching soldiers to make way for her. While all this seems strange and unnatural to us, it was not inconsistent with the utmost courtesy and respect to women in what they considered their proper sphere and under ordinary circumstances. It is something akin to the instinct of reverence for "the cloth" that once prevailed in Puritan circles, or the homage considered due to Pope or priest, as representing divine authority, no matter what the personal character of the man.

One day I was returning to the University from luncheon accompanied by a fellow-student, the late Professor Peter Townsend Austin, of Rutgers College. We found our way blocked by a procession of artillery. The street had been crowded and there was a large number of pedestrians respectfully waiting on the sidewalk until the military should have passed. It did not seem to occur to any of them that it was possible to cross between the batteries, even when they came to a temporary halt. After standing on the curb for some minutes, and seeing ample space to cross, Austin said, "Come on," and we walked between a caisson and a young officer on horseback. This officer looked at us with the utmost astonishment, and, turning very red in the face, rode his horse at us. When the horse's head almost came in contact with his own, Austin reached up, seized the bridle, and started to back the horse away. The officer, now furious with rage and cursing vigorously, drew his sword and struck at the foreigner who had shown such disrespect and temerity. Austin did not dare let go of the bridle, but jerked the horse's head first to one side and then to the other to avoid the sword, and then, seizing an opportunity, ran to the sidewalk and up the steps of a house. The line had been thrown into confusion by the interruption and awaited orders to proceed. The officer rode his horse to the foot of the steps and seemed to be debating whether to dismount and attack Austin with his sword or to endeavor to ride his horse up the steps. There had been a great hubbub among the spectators, who seemed as scandalized as was the officer at this gross affront to the Service. While the debate was going on in the mind of the officer, the colonel, who had been in the rear, seeing the tumult and not knowing what had stopped the procession, came dashing down the side on his horse. The situation was explained to him, and, after looking us over for a minute, he decided to let us go, as we were ignorant foreigners who probably did not know any better, and ordered the sergeant back into the line and the column to move. I might enumerate many instances, but similar experiences have been narrated in many books on Germany, and even deprecated in the German press, before the present war silenced all open criticism and united the Fatherland in what it believes to be its defense.

I had a number of warm friends among the military, and learned greatly to admire and respect them, although I could not enter into their point of view in regard to some matters. I particularly remember the elder Count von Moltke, who was the idol of the nation, with whom I had the pleasure of talking several times on matters connected with world politics and the future of America. He had evidently studied the growth of our Republic and foresaw its increase in wealth and population, and was curious to know in which direction we were likely to develop—whether we would dominate this continent and would become a military nation. At that time there was no thought of colonization on the part of Germany on a large scale, but von Moltke was anxious that the Germans who were emigrating to the United States in large numbers should retain their love for the Fatherland. I found him to be very liberal and not thoroughly impressed by some of Bismarck's efforts to aggrandize German culture and force German customs upon the rest of Europe. He told me something which I have never seen in print, but which was characteristic of the times, and in telling it to me he did it with a twinkle in his eye. He stated

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that after the war Bismarck tried an experiment on Russia as follows: French was then, and perhaps is still, the diplomatic language of the world. If England wished to communicate with the Foreign Office, let us say, of Spain, neither English nor Spanish was employed, but French. Bismarck, feeling that it was undignified that the German Government must use the language of a conquered nation in communicating with foreign chancelleries, tried an innovation. He sent a communication to the Russian Government in German. It came back to him with a very polite note to the effect that the communication was doubtless very important; that if the German Government would be kind enough to translate it into French and send it back it would receive at once the careful consideration it doubtless deserved.

There have been some references in The Outlook recently to the bad impression made by many thoughtless travelers abroad, not excepting Americans. I saw an instance of this at one of George Bancroft's receptions. Through my acquaintance with our Minister I had been asked to attend his official receptions and to assist in introducing people. At one of them I found myself with the late Professor Lepsius and Count von Moltke in a small room. Professor Lepsius had been telling us of his recent discoveries in Egypt, when there appeared in the doorway a typical American, from the German point of view, with his typical wife, the latter very much overdressed and very aggressive. They marched in, and the following conversation ensued: (From the husband) "You are Count von Moltke, aren't you?" A stiff bow in acquiescence. "I am Mr. ——, from the State of ——, and this is my wife. She heard you were here, and I just had to bring her and introduce her to you." Then there was an awkward silence, and finally Count von Moltke, who was a great linguist, so that it was said of him that "he could be silent in seven languages," said to the lady, "Have you been long in Berlin, Madame?" She replied, "Yes, I have been here three days, but we are going to Paris now. You know there is no place like Paris." At this Count von Moltke could not help smiling, for it was not very long since he had left the French capital. Then there was another awkward pause; neither the lady nor her husband seemed to have anything to say, and finally she extended her hand, over which the Count bowed graciously, and said, "Well, good-by." I found my cheeks burning with shame, and said, "Oh, Count von Moltke, all Americans are not like that." Before he could answer, which he did most courteously and understandingly, Professor Lepsius, who was apparently very indignant, could not resist answering me, "Oh, I suppose your aborigines are different." Afterwards he apologized, and the episode was closed.

George Bancroft surrounded himself with the very best people in the Prussian capital, all of whom delighted to do him honor, and his receptions were crowded with the élite in literature, science, and society. His *informal* "at homes" were on Sunday afternoons. When he was succeeded by J. C. Bancroft Davis, in 1874, I assumed that the custom at the Embassy would be continued, and I have never forgotten my call on the new Minister one Sunday afternoon. I found him in dressing-gown and slippers all alone in his study reading a religious newspaper. He received me very courteously, and when I apologized for intruding upon him, explaining why I had chosen that day, he said that he did not consider the Sunday afternoon reception was typically American; that he thought it was the duty of Americans to preserve, as far as possible, American traditions abroad; that he would soon announce that he and his family would be "at home" on Wednesday afternoons.

I am tempted to add an illustration of this difference in the point of view concerning Sunday between the German and the American. My father was a Presbyterian clergyman, brought up, as far as his theology and training for the ministry are concerned, under New England traditions. When we went to Berlin, he had a letter of introduction to the eminent theologian Professor Dorner. He called, and left his letter, as Professor Dorner was not at home. The next Sunday afternoon Professor Dorner called and invited my father to take a drive with him. With a slight hesitation, for he had never ridden on Sunday excepting to church, my father accepted, and when he came home I well remember with what astonishment, and with what a beginning of questioning in his mind as to the desirability of rigidly adhering to religious tradition, he told us of his afternoon. After they had ridden in the Thiergarten they stopped at an open-air resort. They sat down at a table, and, as a matter of course, beer was ordered by the Professor. He expressed mild astonishment that my father did not indulge, and that there was no other beverage which he would take. My father said that they sat for an hour talking theology, about which he told us with great enthusiasm, for he had been a great admirer of Dorner's works. He said that he was surprised to see the family groups at the tables, the men smoking, the wives and even the children drinking beer, while the women knitted or did their fancy work. I think he came to realize before his stay was ended that there was in Germany a deep and sincere religious conviction and that neither German philosophy nor German custom in any way impairs the devotion of the masses to the Church or to their religious convictions.

ALBERT R. LEDOUX.

New York City.

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BY THE WAY

The charming old town of Williamsburg, Virginia, home of William and Mary College, was recently the scene of an event as significant as any in its history. This was the appearance in its lecture hall of Booker T. Washington, Negro, ex-slave, educator, and orator, on a platform from which Presidents Jefferson, Monroe, Harrison, and Chief Justice Marshall, graduates of the College, had spoken. The heartiness with which this address was received in this the oldest of Southern colleges is indicative of the new day which has dawned for the Negro race in the South.

A pamphlet bearing the title "The Most Important Question of the Age" thus states the question: "Is the efficiency of a thermodynamic reversible cycle *independent* of the working medium?" Apparently the question has not appealed to the intelligence of the "man on the street," for a paster has been added to the title-page explaining the question as meaning: "Is it possible to make available, as a source of motive power and as a substitute for fuel, the inexhaustible store of heat which pervades all terrestrial matter?"

The Post-Office Department has been using the county fairs to demonstrate the usefulness of the parcel post. Within the last few months more than 150 fairs have had an exhibit planned for this purpose. A demonstrator shows how stoves, wagon wheels, bags of potatoes, cut flowers, eggs, butter, umbrellas, books, and other miscellaneous articles should be put up for sending by mail. The success of the parcel post may be measured by the fact that the total number of packages carried during the present year will approximate 700,000,000.

A fine compliment to California was once paid by John McCullough, the actor. One of his friends says: "I have never met an actor who was not enthusiastically fond of California. I remarked this once to McCullough, and asked him the reason for it. 'It is the easiest thing in the world to understand,' he answered; 'every man with an ounce of sense *is* enthusiastically fond of California."

Seventy-five years of work in an old-fashioned grocery was the record of Daniel D. Whitney, of Brooklyn, who died recently at the age of ninety-six. He was at his desk the day before he died. When Mr. Whitney began his career as a grocer's clerk, Brooklyn was a town of 36,000 people. He took one vacation from his occupation as a groceryman. That was when he was elected Mayor of the city.

At the Convention of the American Federation of Labor a resolution was offered advocating a six-hour working day. The United Brotherhood of Carpenters is said to be behind the movement. At this rate the old salutation to a late comer, "Are you keeping bankers' hours?" will have to be changed to, "Are you a member of the carpenters' union?"

"He flew fifty-five miles in fifty minutes, most of the time with his hands entirely disengaged from the controls. . . . He stood up in the machine with both his hands and feet free, and with New York two thousand feet below." This is a reporter's statement as to the action of a flying-machine equipped with a new gyroscope stabilizer. The entire stabilizing outfit weighs only forty pounds, and it is said to control the landing as well as the flight of the machine.

"You get used to shells in time, and, deciding that you either are or are not going to be hit, dismiss responsibility and leave it all to fate." So says Arthur Ruhl in "Collier's," after being under fire at Antwerp. Mr. Ruhl, however, frankly admits that he was not able to arrive at this restful state. He held his hat in his hand while motoring along the firing line, to keep it from blowing off, but every time a shell went over, he says, he promptly put it on again—in an involuntary attempt to shield himself.

The Université de Paris, the Collège de France, and the Faculté des Lettres, in Paris, have, it is reported, resumed their courses, but with faculties made up from the retired lists and with elderly students. The interest in the war is so great even in scholastic circles that an old regulation prohibiting the reading of newspapers in the lycées had to be revived to prevent distraction among the students.

The blackstrap traffic has reached such proportions that it is the largest single contributor to the freight receipts of the Mobile and Ohio Railway, and a two-million-gallon tank in Mobile is required for storage purposes. Blackstrap is a kind of molasses, the waste product of the sugar refineries of Cuba. It is mixed with alfalfa, corn, oats, and other feeds to make food for animals. One company operates 200 tank cars for transporting blackstrap to St. Louis and Chicago.

A story giving the point of view of a young college graduate as to orthography is vouched for by the "Youth's Companion." The young bachelor of arts, as his first task in a banker's office, was put to work at getting up a circular to be sent to the firm's clients. The circular was found to be very original in its spelling. After a serious interview with his chief the young man was asked by an associate, "What's the matter?" "Matter enough," was the reply; "the boss expects an educated man to spell just like a blooming stenographer!"

An apostrophe to the value of the hen is attributed by an exchange to a philosophical colored man. He said: "Chickens, suh, is the usefulest animal they is. You c'n eat 'em 'fo' they's bo'n, an' aftah they's daid!"

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